

# *The* IMPROVEMENT *ERA*



The Observatory, Chichén Itzá, Yucatán, Mexico

MAY 1955

## *In This Issue:*

Archaeology and the Book of Mormon  
*by Dr. Milton R. Hunter*

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# EXPLORING THE Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

**T**HE biggest eggs known to man come from Madagascar and are more than 2400 years old. Laid by the half-ton ostrich-like *Aepyornis maximus* Elephant Bird, the fossil eggs were more than a foot long and weighed about 18 pounds when fresh.

**R**ECENT studies of the use of yellow driving glasses and tinted windshields for night driving have found that they reduce the ability to distinguish objects through loss of acuity and contrast vision, particularly at low illumination levels, compared to when such devices are not used.

**T**O ELIMINATE scratches on film which show when making photographic enlargements a new silicone liquid has been found which has about the same index of refraction as the film so that when the scratches are filled with the liquid they can't be seen. The liquid also removes fingerprints, and when used with a special carrier permits washing off dust particles.

**A**DULT vertebrates have a blood pigment, hemoglobin, but three species of fish native to the waters of South Georgia Island in the South Atlantic have colorless blood. These fish do not have any of the special erythrocyte cells which contain hemoglobin.

**W**ITH the graduation of 6861 in 1953-54 the physicians in the United States have increased to one in every 730 persons.

**A**NEW midjet tape pocket recorder has been developed which by using printed circuits and hearing aid tubes is small enough to be carried in a large overcoat pocket.

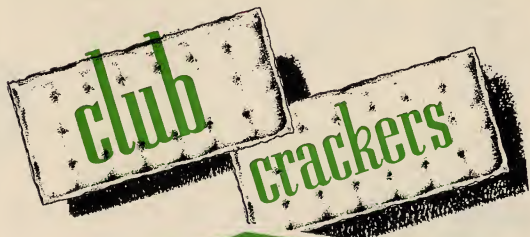
**T**HE origin of the manufacture of soap goes back more than 5,000 years according to Martin Levey of Pennsylvania State University. Washing the body and general cleaning use of soap came later, early use was for cleaning of wool and medical purposes. Until the middle of the nineteenth century soda and potash from plant ashes were the most common washing materials.

MAY 1955

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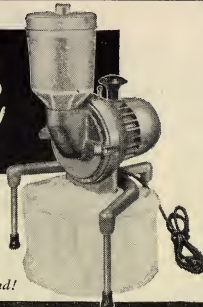
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## A SCHEME FOR SAFER AND BETTER HIGHWAYS

by Dr. G. Homer Durham

VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

### EDITOR'S NOTE

This month Dr. G. Homer Durham expresses his views on long-range highway construction and safety.

THERE ARE fifty-eight million motor vehicles registered in the United States, using 3,400,000 miles of roads and streets, of which one fourth are paved (920,000 miles) and only a good third (1,250,000) graveled. By 1970 it is estimated that there will be 85 million vehicles on the highways and streets, all with higher-powered engines and moving at greatly increased speeds. If present trends continue, the death toll from accidents will increase, and the ratio of modern highways capable of carrying heavy traffic will fall behind the present available facilities. Obviously, something must be done. Better and safer highways have to be built or the number of vehicles reduced or controlled. The latter is undesirable. President Eisenhower has awakened interest in the problem by his 1955 message on highways to the Congress. His proposals are now being debated and discussed.

The danger inherent in past highway-planning policies has been that we have thought only in terms of bringing our road systems up to date and not of planning and building for future anticipated need. To construct 1955 highways for 1955 vehicles, 1955 cities, and 1955 traffic, is insufficient. "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. 29:18), many of them perishing on the highways. The following "propositions" and sub-topics are therefore presented as a device for stimulating interest in future as well as current need. The "day-dreaming" schemes which follow only assume, (1) need, (2) the existence of engineering knowledge and skill, (3) the larger fiscal capacity of the national, as contrasted with state and local units, and (4) the need for a new conception of "national" interstate highways for economic growth, defense, and emergency. The practical problems remain to be solved after the "dreaming."

### PROPOSITION #1

The national government should assume the major costs of constructing and maintaining the "primary" roads in a "national" interstate highway system.

Wherever feasible and if desirable

(especially in built-up populated areas where congestion is heaviest), the toll principle could be utilized, if necessary, to construct the necessary, modern expressways and thruways.

The constitutional basis for the foregoing would be the power to tax and spend (the "taxing" and "spending" powers) for the common defense and general welfare of the United States" (Article I, section 8) "to establish post offices and post roads" and "to regulate commerce . . . among the several states." (*Idem.*)

Sufficient time has elapsed since

World War II to demonstrate that the gap between construction and maintenance, and actual traffic, is ever-widening. Highway deaths are increasing. The political pressure on state legislatures for funds to be spread thinly over a variety of public works, mental hospitals and institutions, education, buildings, and other state-local requirements, is such that despite heavy and constant pressure from highway-users, truckers and other associations, the gap between vehicle-miles-speed and adequate roads will continue to widen. The fiscal "will" of the states does not seem to keep pace with the creative spirit and capacity of American industry. The federal government, with broader fiscal resources, can help fill this domestic "dollar gap."

The critical consideration in the proposal is the definition of the new national system as distinguished from the federal-state, state, and local systems now designated.

Contractors have learned to deal with state highway authorities rather than with the Public Roads Administration, directly. Contract authorizations should not be centralized in Washington. State highway departments may still collaborate with PRA district officials and preserve local responsibility.

### PROPOSITION #2

The present pattern of federal aid for "state" and local highways should continue with about the same volume of federal funds. These funds, with existing state gasoline taxes, should be

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THESE  
Times



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# The IMPROVEMENT ERA

"The Voice of the Church"



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 5

May 1955

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## The Cover

Our cover this month is a full-color reproduction of the Observatory, or Caracol, at Chichen Itza, Yucatán, Mexico, taken by Otto Done while on a trip with Dr. Milton R. Hunter. Dr. Hunter relates his experiences while on the trip in the articles running currently in these pages, and in subsequent issues, under the title "Archaeology and the Book of Mormon."

## EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES

50 North Main Street

Y.M.M.I.A. Offices, 50 North Main St.

Y.W.M.I.A. Offices, 40 North Main St.

Salt Lake City 1, Utah

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions. All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

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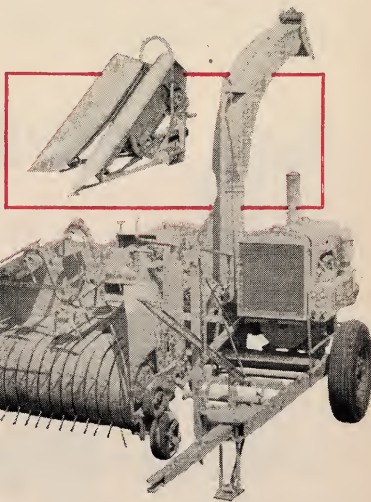
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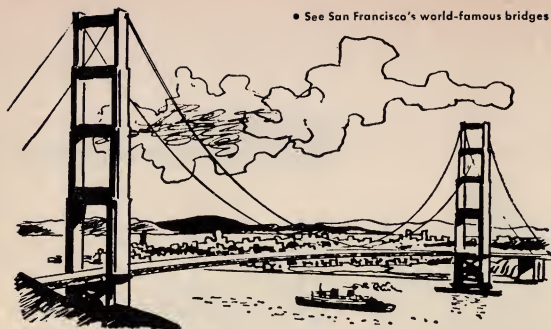
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## THAT FRIENDLY TOUCH

By Florence J. Johnson

**D**URING the past years I have made many friends. Miles separate us. But our letters and notes keep us in touch with one another. Because of this active correspondence list, I have a "Friends' Night." This is an evening I spend at my desk, re-reading the notes and cards and letters that I have received since the last Friends' Night, and writing the many letters that are to be answered.

I do not have time to write long letters every time, but an avalanche of cards and notes do go out, mixed with several lengthy letters. A carefully kept record book keeps me informed so that no one is slighted.

I am an avid greeting card collector and am always on the lookout for something unusual, something different. The same goes for note stationery. All these go into a special box, and I am seldom at a loss for the right card. As for notes—a few months ago, I fell off a chair I was using for a ladder and sprained an ankle. Yes, I have a kitchen ladder, but it happened to be in another part of the house, so I climbed up on a chair. Some of the stationery I had on hand had a picture of a woman doing just that thing. I used this in sending notes to some of my friends. Weeks later, I received a letter from a friend, thanking me for saving her from just the same kind of accident. She was planning to clean the top shelves of her cupboard, the stepladder was in the garage, and it was raining. She was building up to the height of the chair when the mailman arrived with my letter. After reading the letter, and seeing the picture, she put on a raincoat and rubbers and went out after that stepladder. "Maybe I wouldn't have fallen," she wrote, "but after your letter I wasn't taking any chances. So, thanks again for that timely bit of coincidental advice."

I have two "round robin" groups. One is a relative circle; the other is a circle of friends scattered all over the States. These letters are lengthy and accompanied by clippings and snapshots, all sorts of miscellany. This is a wonderful way to keep in touch with a congenial group, for

(Concluded on page 349)  
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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# THE CHURCH MOVES ON

## A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

### February 1955

**20** ELDER George Q. Morris of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Heyburn Ward, Minidoka (Idaho) Stake.

President Ernest C. Anderson, formerly second counselor to President Milan D. Smith of the Union (Oregon) Stake, was sustained as stake president. Elder Vern L. Nebeker was re-sustained as first counselor, and Elder James L. Stocking was sustained as second counselor.

President Lionel Marcus West sustained in the El Paso (Texas) Stake, succeeding President Edward Vernon Turley, Sr. Elder Keith Romney, formerly second counselor in the outgoing presidency, was sustained as first counselor. Elder Joseph Devon Payne was sustained as second counselor. Elder Payne is the son of Elder George Q. Payne who was released as first counselor in the stake presidency.

**26** THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of President M. Ross Richards as president of the East Central States Mission, succeeding President Cornelius Zappey. At the time of this appointment President Richards was serving as second counselor in the Bountiful (Utah) Stake presidency. Mrs. Richards will accompany him on this new assignment.

**27** ELDER Layton B. Jones sustained as second counselor in the Seattle (Washington) Stake presidency, succeeding Elder Frank M. Parry.

### March 1955

**1** THE ANNUAL all-Church junior basketball tournament began at Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City. Scores of today's games were:

Aurora 41, Raymond Fourth 34; Compton First 39, Eugene 29; Mesa Third 57, Montpelier Fourth 36; Southgate 54, Grant Third 47; Layton Fifth 53, Sacramento First 34; Edgehill 64, Boise Fourth 36; Garden Park 58, Idaho Falls Thirteenth 52; Bonneville Second 38; Tremonton Third 39.

**2** SCORES in today's all-Church junior basketball games:

Consolation: Montpelier Fourth 42, Boise Fourth 40; Sacramento First 52, Raymond Fourth 39.

Championship: Pocatello Eleventh 56, Layton Fifth 51; Las Vegas First 65, Mesa Third 40; Holladay Fourth 52, Aurora 46; Compton First 46, Huntsville 32; Tremonton Third 52, Wellsville Second 41; Edgehill 45, West Jordan First 27; Provo Fifth 46, Garden Park 45; Southgate 50, Springville Second 40.

**3** SCORES in the all-Church junior basketball tournament:

Championship games: Pocatello Eleventh 72, Holladay Fourth 52; Tremonton Third 38; Southgate 56; Compton First 56, Provo Fifth 35; Edgehill 48, Las Vegas First 27.

Losers' Bracket: Idaho Falls Thirteenth 42, Eugene 38; Garden Park 59, Huntsville 40; Layton Fifth 50, Aurora 45; Grant Third 48, Bonneville Second 47; Springville 74, Wellsville Second 47; West Jordan First 53, Mesa Third 41.

**4** SCORES in the all-Church junior basketball tournament:

Championship games: Pocatello Eleventh 43, Tremonton Third 39; Compton First 46, Edgehill 45.

Losers' bracket: Las Vegas First 71, Provo Fifth 50; Garden Park 45, West Jordan 35; Layton Fifth 67, Springville Second 56; Holladay Fourth 56, Southgate 55; Grant Third 57, Sacramento First 35; Idaho Falls Thirteenth 58, Montpelier Fourth 45.

**5** SCORES of the final games of the all-Church junior basketball tournament: Compton First 52, Pocatello Eleventh 45 (first and second); Edgehill 46, Tremonton Third 44 (third and seventh); Las Vegas First 86, Holladay Fourth 61 (fourth and eighth); Garden Park 60, Layton Fifth 59 (fifth and ninth); Grant Third 61, Idaho Falls Thirteenth 49 (sixth and tenth). Grant Third Ward won the consolation title; Garden Park Ward was given the sportsmanship trophy.

**6** ELDER Howard W. Barben was sustained as president of the West Jordan (Utah) Stake with Elders Leon-

ard C. Beckstead and C. Elmo Turner as counselors. They succeed President Lawrence T. Dahl and his counselors, Elders Royal V. Beckstead and Joseph P. Butterfield.

Elder Clyde M. Luncford was sustained as second counselor to President Philo T. Edwards of the Sharon (Utah) Stake, succeeding Elder Robert J. Olsen, deceased.

**15** SECOND Assistant General Superintendent David S. King of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was appointed to the Region 12, Boy Scouts of America, executive committee. His assignment in the YMMIA superintendency is to direct the Scout and Explorer programs for the Church.

**17** THIS was the 113th anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society in the Church. Special programs have been held by the organization this month.

**20** ELDER Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve, and former president of the Pioneer Stake, dedicated the multiple-chapel which will serve the four Poplar Grove wards as well as being the stake center for the Pioneer (Salt Lake City) Stake.

President Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy dedicated the chapel of the Genola Ward, Santaquin-Tintic Stake.

**26** THE First Presidency announced the appointment of Bishop Ellis V. Christensen of the Richfield Fourth Ward, Sevier (Utah) Stake, as president of the Tahitian Mission, succeeding President John Kenneth Orton who has been home some time because of illness. In the meantime Elder Larson H. Caldwell has been acting president of the Tahitian Mission. President Christensen served as a missionary in Tahiti in 1928 and 1929. He has been active in Scouting in Richfield and is a former president of the seventies' quorum there. From 1943 to 1950 he served as a member of the Sevier Stake high council. In May 1950 he became bishop of the Richfield Fourth Ward. Mrs. Christensen and their four daughters will also serve on this mission.

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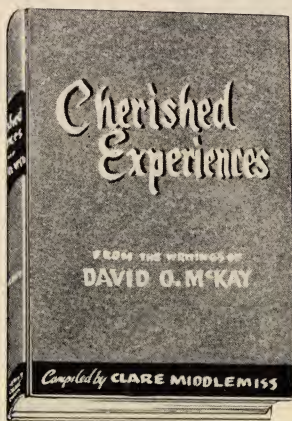


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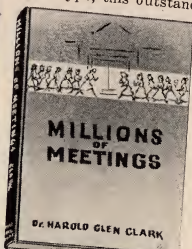
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## *Sea Host*

by Bernice Ames

**E**VENING and thousands of gulls  
Rush to the sky together,  
Carving their space in the air,  
Wheeling, with never a feather  
Of sound.

**D**ARKNESS and gulls drop like strings  
Lacing the shadows of night  
Into the sand with their wings,  
Folding the last bit of light  
To the ground.

**O**CEAN folk turn up their lamps,  
Knowing release of the day  
Happens when thousands of gulls  
Have ushered the twilight away.





### LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

By Pauline Havard

I stoop and pick the lilies-of-the-valley,  
Finding in each immaculate bell of snow  
The scent that makes the past's gate swing  
ajar,  
Reveals my mother's garden. Clear and  
low  
The separate flowers then chimed their  
secret music  
For her who tended them, but none so  
clear  
As the chimes rung by the lilies-of-the-  
valley!  
And so, as I pick them now, each rich, lost  
year  
Returns; and every tiny, scented bell  
Brings back the music of those childhood  
hours  
I spent in a sunny world of make-believe,  
Sharing the magic of my mother's flowers.

MAY

By Gene Romolo

MAY's plane, gliding gracefully makes a  
safe landing,  
And green skirts come fluttering down to  
the soil.  
Her enchanting smile, contagious, outstand-  
ing,  
Cheers every man of the fields at his toil.  
Soon over bushes and over tree-branches,  
The beauty and fragrance of blossoming  
spreads;  
So ardent May's impulse, wherever she  
glances,  
On hill or on valley bright blooms lift  
their heads.  
Then, again all too soon May's plane is  
awing,  
And gone is the loveliest month of the  
spring.

### IN A COUNTRY CEMETERY

By Leone E. McCune

Now peacefully they rest, these honored  
dead  
Here on this slope, beside the little town  
These valiant souls whose earnest toil and  
sweat  
Transformed the hills to soft green eider-  
down;  
Whose yearning vision saw each tree lined  
street,  
The red schoolhouse, the cozy homes and  
yards,  
Where children laugh and run on flying  
feet.  
The Church with bells that ring the Sab-  
bath day  
With tall white spires a-gleaming far and  
wide  
That beckon people in to sing and pray.  
This town, their monument, the heritage  
The pattern set for good and worth-while  
lives  
Left to their seed, by noble parentage.

### TO MY MOTHER

By Calvin Pratt

I see her in her rocking chair  
When day's long work is done.  
I visualize her beauty rare.  
I know the love she's won.  
I see the toil of months and years  
Well-worn now in her brow.  
I see her calming all my fears.  
I see it plainly now.  
I marvel at her tender love,  
And at her gracious care.  
I kneel before the throne above  
To give this humble prayer:

Take care of Mother dear, oh God,  
And bless her in thy sight,  
For on thy righteous path she's trod  
To bask in gospel light.

She's taught each daughter and each son  
To love and honor thee;  
A great reward she's rightly won  
For all eternity.

And so, dear God, in thy Son's name,  
I humbly ask tonight,  
That thou wilt keep alive the flame  
Of Mother's holy light,  
To send it forth through all the earth,  
To spread thy truths again.  
For all these things of priceless worth  
I thank thee, God; Amen.

### UNCHARTED

By Gene Moore

MY HEART is a valley; my heart is a hill;  
So I must take time to explore it with  
skill.  
The world is small use with its science and  
art  
If one goes around it neglecting his heart.

### ELLENORE

By Geneva Dickey Watson

I NEVER held you in my arms  
And rocked you mother-wise  
I never sang you little songs,  
Nor kissed your sleepy eyes;

But, oh, my baby, once I dreamed  
With you beneath my heart,  
That I should curl your wispy hair,  
And teach you woman-art.

One night you turned and slipped away  
To a tenderer love than mine,  
So now I give all childhood  
The love you made divine.

### A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

By Pansy H. Powell

SOME days are gray;  
Some days are gold.  
God puts them all together,  
For every day  
His love will hold  
No matter what the weather.

### ON MOTHER'S DAY

By Enola Chamberlin

SHE DID not smooth the Appian Way;  
Construct the Chinese Wall;  
Nor make a dangerous survey  
To chain a waterfall.

She did not hunt the buffalo,  
Nor build a pyramid,  
Nor find America, but, oh,  
She bore the men who did!

### HEADLAND OAK

By Richard F. Armknecht

ONE TREE upon the headland, one  
Lone oak where never oak should be.  
A difficult phenomenon

To riddle out. This ancient tree,  
Bent landward in a ragged plume,  
Has dropped its acorn in their season  
These many years. The bitter doom  
Of sterile soil is ample reason  
Not one had grown. But why and how  
Came this one tree, the first, the last,  
Whose hole and branch forever bow  
Before the stubborn sea wind's blast?  
I can't explain it, nor can you,  
But if some reason must be guessed  
Perhaps it lies in one small clue—  
Each year it has a bluebird's nest.

### MY MOTHER'S HANDS

By Geri Materkowski

MY MOTHER's hands are artist's hands,  
They work in patience and in faith  
In their artistry genius fades;  
Before their tasks strong men would quake.

They are not slim hands, mother's hands,  
Nor white, nor petal smooth,  
But, oh, the pain they've pressed away  
And, oh, the fears they've soothed.

My mother's hands are artist's hands.  
You see it when they pray.  
They've taken babes and moulded men  
And set them in the Godly way.

### OLD LADY TALKING

By Christie Lund Coles


I HAD not meant to pause at all,  
Except to speak, to pass the time of day,  
Smiling a little pityingly.  
For what was there she could have to say?

I had not counted on her eyes,  
With a hunger like a child's for bread;  
And surely I was not prepared  
For the swift, nostalgic words she said.

Quickly as a summer storm they came,  
The words, the details of her years,  
Her youth, not too unlike my own,  
Her flowered hopes, her laughter, tears.

My hours were full. I should not stay.  
And yet, her day was strangely dear.  
And someday, I may listen to the past  
And wait and wait for someone who will  
hear.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Some Thoughts on the Social Problems of Young People

*by President David O. McKay*

IT IS THE duty of every citizen to see to it that our children have a wholesome community environment in which to live during their tender and impressive years.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think it is a tragedy to have young girls and young boys grow up without opportunity of social activity under the proper environment, and recreation halls should be dedicated as fitting places for these young folk to come and meet one another, to participate in dancing, in the drama, in music, and in other activities that offer opportunity for development to our boys and girls.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of our girls come, properly chaperoned, but they do not have the opportunity to participate in the dances. The recreation hall should be a place for cordiality where all young people may have an opportunity to mingle and to meet their mates. That means something in this day of divorces due to hasty marriages where they do not understand each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

Youth is the happy time of life; their hearts are hopeful. It is our duty to see that those hopes are realized.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this matter of chaperonage, there is too much laxity on the part of the parents.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a dangerous sin, when home discipline breaks down, and the loving advice of a wise father and a loving mother is defied. We are told by an elderly American explorer that among the Iroquois Indians, the "crime which is regarded as most horrible, and which is without example, is that a son should be rebellious toward his

mother"—an ideal that might be well cherished today among men who esteem themselves high in the scale of civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*

If we are sincere in our desire to reduce delinquency among youth, let us look to ourselves as members of the community and as leaders and officials in civic circles.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the sensationalism and artificial stimulation to which the child of today is subjected in this age of mechanical wonders, it is of the gravest importance that society realize that it is only in the example of sincere living upon the part of the individual members of society that the child finds a dynamic impulse for his own wholesome development.

\* \* \* \* \*

Young men and women sometimes yield to indulgence for the sake of popularity. He who persistently bids for popularity at the expense of health and character is a foolish man. "A man who stands behind a bar and swallows drink after drink for the sake of sociability is paying a high price for a miserable product. Social popularity purchased in such a way and at such a price is not good enough for an honest man to wipe his feet upon." Indeed, men who yield to temptation to seek popularity among friends lose the very thing they desire, while the boy who maintains his standards wins their respect.

\* \* \* \* \*

We need not shut our eyes to the fact that too many of our young folk respond to the call of the physical because it seems the easy and natural things to do. Too many are vainly seeking short cuts to happiness. It should always be

*(Concluded on following page)*

## *The Editor's Page*

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from preceding page)

kept in mind that that which is most worth while in life requires strenuous effort.

\* \* \* \* \*

I never hear one of our brethren bear testimony to the divinity of this work, without feeling that the strength and growth of character depends upon a life consistent with that testimony; and it makes character to live in harmony with man's ideals, or at least to strive to live in harmony with them.

I can illustrate what I mean by relating an incident concerning two of our boys at college. They had been taught that, next to life itself, they should cherish chastity.

One of these boys noticed that there was a laxity among his classmates, and after a few months at college, he partook of a different spirit from the one he had in his home, and one night he said to his companion, who was older than he, "I am going out tonight with those fellows."

"Well, you'd better not," said his companion.

"Oh," he said, "I don't know! Those fellows have a good time, take their wine, have their cigars and their

cigars; they enjoy themselves; and here we are restrained. They get their lessons; they are doing just as well in college as we are; and I am going out with them. I am not so sure that our ideals are necessary, anyhow."

The older one walked up, put his hand on his companion's shoulder, and said, "Those boys may be getting along all right in school, and do these things to which you refer; but you can't."

"Why?"

"Because you know better. And once you break through that ideal, your character is broken."

It was the best lesson he learned in college, and I am very glad that he learned it and lived it.

\* \* \* \* \*

What our young people need, what every man and every woman in this world need in order to keep himself or herself free and unspotted from the sins of the world is the power of self-mastery. Each individual should studiously practise self-control. It does not come all at once. Nature never makes cash payments as a whole, says William George Jordan. Her payments are always made in small instalments. Those who desire to win self-mastery must do it by constant application.

## Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

## Card Playing and Games of Chance

**Question:** "For some time I have had a very serious question on my mind. It is in regard to the playing of card games. Is it a sin to play cards or join card clubs? I am a returned missionary and have thought that there was nothing but evil coming from playing card games and joining card clubs. Some of my friends think I am very foolish in holding such a belief, but still I do not wish to join them in doing such a thing if it is considered wrong and not approved by the Church."

**Answer:** Nothing good comes out of card games or games of chance. There are numerous ways in which we may obtain wholesome amusement and recreation which is beneficial to both body and mind. In games where cards are used usually "stakes" are played for, and betting is done. Someone will obtain the "stakes," but no one really wins, for the one who obtains the "stakes" has lost part of his manhood

which is difficult to regain. There seems to be an urge in human nature which leads many men and women to seek to obtain something for nothing, and many have risked their hard-earned substance on the altar of chance, hoping to win a fortune which they have not earned. There is a lure in all games of chance which Satan places before them, and in their greed or selfish desire for gain they take the uncertain bait far less innocently than does a fish which grabs the angler's hook.

The regular standard playing cards are used in gambling games. They are found in questionable resorts and gambling dens. Young people who have learned to play the games in their own homes or at card clubs with innocent intent too frequently are lured into questionable places where gambling prevails. Such games of chance are usually associated with cigarettes and beer and those who indulge in cards acquire also the tobacco and drinking evils. Card playing becomes a habit just as much as smoking and drinking. I remember a neighbor of

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mine who in his earlier days was addicted to gambling. Later in his life he repented and joined the Church. One day before a group of which I was a member, he emphatically impressed upon our minds the fact that gambling is a disease which fastens itself upon those who indulge so tenaciously that they seldom quit. Its influence upon character is just the same as the use of tobacco and strong drink. He advised all to shun all card playing and games of chance lest the habit would destroy them.

Card playing and all other games of chance should be avoided as the gate of destruction. All such practices have been discountenanced by the authorities of the Church from the beginning of our history. When the Mormon Battalion was called into the service of the country, President Brigham Young addressed the volunteers and said that he wished them to prove themselves to be the best soldiers in the service of the United States. He admonished the captains to be fathers to the men in their companies and to manage the officers and men by the power of the priesthood. They should keep themselves clean, teach chastity and gentility. There was to be no swearing, and no man was to be insulted. They were to avoid contention with Missourians—their enemies—and all other persons. They were to take their Bibles and copies of the Book of Mormon with them and study them but not impose their beliefs on others. They were to avoid card playing, and if they had cards with them, they were to burn them. If they would follow this instruction, he promised them that they would not be called on to shed the blood of their fellow men.

President Joseph F. Smith has given this wholesome advice:

“While a simple game of cards in itself may be harmless, it is a fact that by immoderate repetition it ends in an infatuation for chance schemes, in habits of excess, in waste of precious time, in dulling and stupor of the mind, and in the complete destruction of religious feeling. These are serious results, evils that should and must be avoided by the Latter-day Saints. Then again, there is a grave danger that lurks in persistent card playing, which begets the spirit of gambling, of speculation and what awakens the dangerous desire to get something for nothing.” (*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 412.)

“Card playing is an excessive pleasure; it is intoxicating, and therefore, in the nature of a vice. It is naturally the companion of the cigaret and the wine glass, and the latter leads to the poolroom and the gambling hall. Few men and women indulge in the dangerous pastime of the card table without compromising their business affairs and the higher responsibilities of life.

Tell me what amusements you like best and whether your amusements have been a ruling passion in your life, and I will tell you what you are. Few indulge frequently in card playing in whose lives it does not become a ruling passion.” (*Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 38, p. 529.)

The Lord said:

“A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.

“But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

“For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” (Matt. 12:35-37.)

This being true of words that are idle, may we not say that idle acts spent in evil practices will merit the same reward?

This does not mean that the Lord frowns on innocent amusement and the time spent in wholesome games. The human body needs relaxation, and this can be obtained in a legitimate way. For this purpose in part the Mutual Improvement Associations have been organized where proper forms of amusement and entertainment may be taught, and thereby the body strengthened and the mind quickened and developed. In one of the darkest hours in the history of the Church, when the weary members were crossing the plains having been driven from their homes, the Lord through President Brigham Young said to them:

“If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

“If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God with supplication, that your souls may be joyful.” (D. & C. 136:28-29.)

The Prophet Joseph Smith engaged in manly sports on the few occasions that came to him. President Brigham Young and his brethren built the Salt Lake Theatre and the Social Hall. The drama, the dance, and other entertainments were given to the members of the Church, and by this means they were edified and strengthened; all such entertainments were opened and closed with prayer. The auxiliary organizations encourage athletic contests and sports under proper supervision and regulations. Our people are encouraged, not curtailed, in every kind of needful recreation and amusement; but all things which the world seeks, leading to evil, such as card playing, raffling, and indulging in playing machines of chance, are frowned upon as destructive of morals and abiding faith in that which is just and true.

—Hal Rumel Photo



## EDITOR'S NOTE

From March 1, to March 5, 1955 the first all-Church Junior Basketball tournament was played at Deseret Gymnasium in Salt Lake City. Twenty-four of the 1027 teams registered in the Church at the beginning of play last fall saw action in this tournament.

This is how the teams finished in the tournament: 1. Compton First (California); 2. Pocatello Eleventh (Idaho); 3. Edgehill (Salt Lake City); 4. Las Vegas (Nevada); 5. Garden Park (Salt Lake City); 6. Grant Third (Salt Lake City); 7. Tremonton Third (Utah); 8. Holladay Fourth (Salt Lake City); 9. Layton Fifth (Utah); 10. Idaho Falls Thirteenth (Idaho).

Garden Park was awarded the sportsmanship trophy; Grant Third won the consolation position.

This article is based on a talk given by Second Assistant General Superintendent David S. King of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association to the seventeen-and-eighteen-year-old members of the tournament teams at their devotional meeting on March 5.



Members of the Compton First Ward Junior basketball team, after winning the first all-Church tournament. First row, left to right: Bob Dalley, Ben McCabe, Tory Zimmerman, and Bishop Weldon H. Dalley. Second row: F. M. Zimmerman, president of Long Beach (California) Stake; Terry Paulos, Bill Reese, Van Peterson, Karl Weller, and Homer Bringhurst, coach. Back row: Ted Paulos, coach; Rulon Johnson, Ralph Brissenden, Bob Scott, and Charles Bledsoe, stake athletic director.

*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?*

*If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (1 Cor. 3:16-17.)*

# "...Keep Fit. Be a Man"

by David S. King

SECOND ASSISTANT GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT YMMIA

**R**ECENTLY my nine-year-old son asked me to help him build a shield to use in a Cub Scout demonstration. Together we found an old piece of plywood, upon which we traced the shape of an imposing shield. After cutting it out and trimming the edges, I suggested that in order to make it really authentic, we ought to embellish it with a real insignia. A lion—the standing lion with forearms outstretched—was selected for the purpose. Its outlines were traced onto the shield. A cup full of papier-mâché was cooked up and spread onto the surface, and carefully shaped and molded to conform to the outline of our stirring little emblem. The shield was then sprayed with silver paint; the lion was painted red; handles were added, and lo, we had a shield that would have stirred the heart of the most fastidious knight that ever trod the ancient paths of chivalry.

As I handed the finished shield to my son, I laughingly reminded him, but with some seriousness, that he

had no right to bear it unless he was willing to show forth the same qualities as those possessed by the lion which he had selected as his emblem. In ancient days the noblest of the warriors selected coats of arms which would embody those outstanding qualities which appealed to them most. The lion was chosen for strength and courage; the leopard for cunning and ferocity; and the eagle for loftiness and nobility.

I also explained to my son that the knight of old went forth to battle completely encased in armor. The helmet protected his head and neck; the breastplate and backpiece protected his trunk and organs; the greaves protected his limbs; and the gauntlets gave protection to his hands. The shield, broadsword, and spear completed his accoutrement, and he was then ready for battle. Thus armed, he was protected from the front and the rear and could easily defend himself against a hundred unarmed men.

Today, life is not much easier on

us than it was on the warrior knights of old. As you young men walk out of this building, today, you will find enemies everywhere trying to destroy you. It is true that you will not be stuck in the back by a barbed arrow nor a murderous long-pike, but you will be assaulted by cunning and wicked advertising—by insidious pressures brought on you by age-old temptations; and by clever, and beautiful commercial productions designed to fill your mind with trash and evil. These enemies, intangible though they may be, can effectively destroy your strength, rob you of your manhood, and kill your power to resist.

But God has not left you without protection. Armor has been furnished to protect you from both front and back. It is real, tough armor, and no evil can penetrate it.

Paul was referring to this armor when, in writing to the Ephesians, he said:

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. \* \* \*

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Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. (Eph. 6:11, 14-17.)

That is the armor of the modern knight who bears the priesthood of the Lord: righteousness, faith, truth, a peaceful purpose, and the word of God. Your armor is your own virtue, your power to resist temptation, your right to approach the throne of God at any period in your life, to ask for necessary strength. Such spiritual armor as this, if worn properly, will give the soul complete protection and perfect coverage.

In the north woods, packs of ravenous wolves descend upon herds of reindeer to feed themselves. Attack is rarely made on the healthy, strong, and vigorous ones. Invariably the marauders slink in the shadows until they can spot a straggler—some lone deer rendered feeble by disease or old age. This miserable specimen is quickly destroyed.

And so the forces of evil, the forces that destroy man—invariably attack the stragglers—they attack those who have been rendered spiritually and morally weak by enfeebling dissipation or by violation of the laws of life. But those who wear as the armor of their salvation the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit, will never be stragglers in the battle of life. The desolation of sin will pass them by. Unlimited strength and resistance will flow unto them, to the overpowering of all their foes.

Referring again, for a moment, to Paul's statement that each of us is a temple of God, I wonder whether you realize how marvelous and how beautiful the human body is. Eugene Sandow, when a sickly lad of thirteen, visited an art gallery and saw two statues, one of the Greek god Apollo, and the other of the Greek hero Hercules. So enthralled was he with what he saw that he resolved to develop himself to the peak of physical perfection. Twenty years later he was recognized as one of the strongest men of all time.

You who know a little about chemistry or physics or mechanical engineering, well know that all of the



Garden Park team receives the sportsmanship trophy from Elder A. P. Warnick, tournament director. Bishop Hoyt W. Brewster is the first man kneeling at the left. Team sponsor is Barbara Cook.

scientific principles taught in the laboratory, and many not taught are involved in the construction of the human body. Consider the intricacy of the skeleton structure, the nervous system, the digestive system, the circulatory system, all superimposed on each other—consider all of your glands, organs, bones, muscles, ligaments, and a multitude of unnamed, and even unknown members, all combining to give you a sound, serviceable body. Its intricacy and complexity is such that after four thousand years of study, the body is still essentially a mystery to modern science.

All of this is given to you by your Heavenly Father—given to you for your use, for your service, and for your glory. In return, God has asked

you but one thing, and that is that you take care of it—that you treat it with the care, the respect that it deserves.

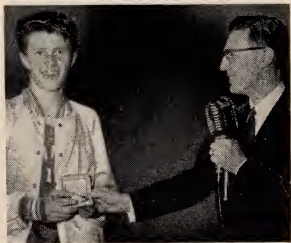
Brethren, learn to avoid bad habits—chains that will rob you of your unrestrained freedom to progress throughout this life and the life to come.

In Hampton Court, England, there are several massive oak trees with trunks of enormous girth. In spite of their size and apparent strength, these trees are slowly dying by strangulation. Years ago tender ivy shoots were planted at the base of these giants and were allowed to crawl up the trunks. Today, this ivy has grown so luxuriantly, and has so completely enveloped these trees and strangled their life processes that they are slowly but surely dying. Who would have thought that an innocent little tendril, no bigger around than a twig, could kill several tons of live oak?

Who would think that a little habit—uncontrolled—could ruin a man?

Several years ago a certain man was in a position in life where he appeared to have everything in his favor for success. He was intelligent. He had had an excellent war record and had risen to the rank of captain. He was commanding in appearance and not without sensitivity. He was definitely not a bad man. But he had some bad habits. His social

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Verl F. Scott, advertising director of "The Improvement Era," gives the Era Award (a gold watch) to Terry Paulos of Compton First. Terry was selected as the most valuable player of the tournament.



# Controlling the Past

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

## PART V

FROM ORIGIN on, the fathers insist that every verse of the scripture can be read a number of different ways, an arrangement which Aquinas aptly describes as "convenient." If a passage might prove embarrassing taken as it stands, one has only to read it in some other "sense." Needless to say the sense most frequently objected to is the crass, literal, historical one—beneath the attention of minds devoted to the contemplation of higher things. In the fathers, according to Schanz, "allegorical arbitrariness and uncontrolled whimsy run riot," expressing themselves in the scholia, the homily, and the commentary.<sup>82</sup>

In our own day, both for Catholics and Protestants, this lavish control has boiled down to a much simpler double bookkeeping, in which, according to Professor Pfeiffer, one must "distinguish sharply between true facts and true doctrine. . . . That the point of view of science and faith should be kept distinct is admitted by a historian who is a Roman Catholic priest, G. Ricciotti, when he recognized that *exegetically* 'the sun stood still and the moon stayed' at Gibeon in a literal sense, but that scientifically 'there was no real astronomical perturbation.'<sup>83</sup> So, the sun stood still *literally* but not *astronomically*.

What if Constantine only saw a sundog and not a vision of the cross? This simply proves for Father Bligh "that the value of a confession is not determined by the rational sufficiency of the motives that produced its first steps," and, "what is true for the Emperor is true for those who imitated him."<sup>84</sup> Which is another way of saying that though Constantine did not have a vision at all, it is just the same as if he did since in the end he became converted.

Peter the Lombard, more bound by literal mindedness, when he finds the Bible in conflict with his science, falls back on the principle propounded by Hilary: "The thing must not be subject to the word, but the word to the thing."<sup>85</sup> That sounds reasonable enough: but when the word is the scripture and the thing is one's own limited experience, then to subject the word to the thing is to interpret any line of scripture in whatever way suits one's predilections—and as such the Lombard makes full use of it. It is an unlimited license to control the past. It is the boast of the Catholic scholar Schindler that the scholastic philosophers always denounced lying.<sup>86</sup> Of course they did; the purpose of their art was to make it unnecessary to lie. If one can *prove* that black is white by a syllogism, why should one be guilty of blurting it out, unproven, as a lie?

The ardent Catholic apologist, Arnold Lunn, recently wrote: "The Church claims that her credentials can be proved from certain books in the Bible, treating them as purely human documents. The Bible consists of a series of books selected by the Catholic Church—books which the Catholic Church claims the right to interpret. It is for the church to say where the Bible records objective facts and where the Bible uses metaphor and allegory."<sup>87</sup> This is self-certification with a vengeance: the church waves before us certain documents which she claims prove her authority; these documents she has

personally selected, but even so they do not even remotely suggest what she claims they do unless they be read and interpreted in a *very special sense*, that sense being carefully prescribed—by the church! Mr. Lunn is telling us in effect that the church has a perfect right to control the past to prove its holy calling, even though the only proof of that calling is the doctored document itself. A reading of Denzinger will show the surprising degree to which the reading of the scriptures is controlled by the Roman church; in this valuable work the extreme nervousness of the clergy about letting people read the Bible for themselves or in their own languages goes hand in hand with the frequent and frank admission, that while the Bible seems to swarm with *anti-Catholic* material, to make a *pro-Catholic* case out of it requires the labor of trained specialists equipped with highly artificial tools of interpretation.<sup>88</sup>

When in 1865 John Henry Newman was consulted by a friend regarding the founding of a Catholic historical review he replied: "Nothing would be better—but who would bear it? *Unless one doctored all one's facts, one would be thought a bad Catholic.*"<sup>89</sup> At the same time Duchesne was protesting in vain to his fellow church historians "that it was contrary to a sound historical method to insist on twisting the texts to make them talk like Athanasius," that is, to control the earlier texts in support of later theology.<sup>90</sup> In opposing this Duchesne was bucking the established practice of centuries. According to De Wulf, when St. Thomas Aquinas wants to disagree with St. Augustine, his unflinching guide and mentor, "he does not contradict him; he does not consider him suspect. . . . instead he transforms the *meaning* of his statements, sometimes by slight corrections, sometimes by violent interpretations which do violence to the text. Von Hertling has listed some 250 such deliberately falsified citations from Augustine."<sup>91</sup>

This business is easily justified among religious writers by the law of the greater good. The Mohammedan doctors established the principle that anything which Mohammed *would have said* could be safely attributed to him, and on this authority put in his mouth the edict, "Whatever is in agreement with this, that

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is from me, whether I actually said it or not."<sup>92</sup>

What makes this sort of high-handed control possible is the confiding of all interpretive authority in official, appointed bodies of experts, closed corporations of professional clergy that may not be challenged from outside; they are self-certified and self-perpetuating. Nowhere have the doctors enjoyed more absolute authority than among the Jews, whose awe in the presence of formal learning is just this side of idolatry; whatever a clever scholar teaches, according to Rabbi Joshua ben Levi, is to be received as if it were the word of God spoken to Moses himself on Sinai!<sup>93</sup>

By closing ranks and presenting a proud front to the world of common men, the clergy are spared the pains of ever having to answer back to the strong arguments against their control of the past. Any who refuse to accept their verdict are by that very act disgraced and disqualified. As often as not they gain the support of princes and potentates, and then woe to the wretch who questions them!

When the immortal Pascal, one of the supremely great intellects of all time, challenged the tricky but shallow and contradictory arguments of the Jesuits, they put him in his place by accusing him of being "a brilliant farceur without 'authority,' a lay theologian, an amateur of two days' standing, 'the ladies' theologian,'" and the like, clinching their charges with the ultimate condemnation of all upstarts: "He does not even have a doctor's degree!"<sup>94</sup> Thus Lunn annihilates one who dared to criticize the matchless double talk of St. Liguori: "The poor man did not realize that casuistry, like other branches of law, has its technical vocabulary and, as a result, he made a very complete fool of himself." As for Professor Haldane, though he quotes Aquinas in the clearest possible terms, he cannot for Mr. Lunn be anything but "uninstructed and amateurish."<sup>95</sup> This is the last and favorite resort of the clergy when they are questioned too closely: their questioners simply don't understand; they are "unin-

structed and amateurish." "Unless you accept our interpretation of the texts," the layman is told, "you obviously do not understand them. And if you don't understand them, you have no right to question our interpretation of them!"

And so the layman is put in his place. The guarded degree, the closed corporation, the technical vocabulary, these are the inner redoubt, the inviolable stronghold of usurped authority. Locked safe within the massive and forbidding walls of institution and formality lies what the Egyptians called "the King's secret," the secret of controlling the past.

I. "... AS FAR AS IT IS TRANSLATED  
CORRECTLY."

After all has been said about the art of selecting, censoring, rewriting, and interpreting the records of the past, the fact remains that the greatest opportunity for exercising control over the documents lies not in these mechanical chores but in the business of translating the strange and unfamiliar idioms in which the texts are written. As Joseph Smith knew so well, next to revelation it is language that holds the key to the past. This key is worth a brief examination here.

The writers of fantastic fiction often overlook the very obvious. We have yet to learn of any creation of theirs that has surpassed in boldness of conception or economy of operation that astounding device by which the human race has throughout its history been able to preserve the very thoughts of men and transmit them through unlimited expanses of time and space. Writing is a thoroughly artificial thing—no more a product of evolution than feathers or water or algebra are. It is hard to believe that the first systems of writing that arose almost simultaneously in Egypt, Sumer, Elam, and India (all these cultures being at that time in contact with each other) were each invented independently or brought forth in response to the needs of the business world.<sup>96</sup> For though writing may have been suggested by such useful

mnemonic devices as property marks and tallies,<sup>97</sup> busy practical people have always got along supremely well without it. Like the calendar—long supposed to have been the invention of farmers, who of all people are the least dependent on the fixed and rigid setting of days<sup>98</sup>—writing is only useful in everyday life because everyday uses have been found for it. But the businessman, however capable he may be in other things, often becomes awkward and self-conscious when he tries to write correctly, embarrassingly aware that he is handling a medium that is strange to his calling.

Though writing is as old as history, practical people have never yet got used to it, but like the generality of mankind have persisted in viewing it as a sort of magic, an affected and artificial thing, an ornamental accomplishment designed for ostentation rather than for use. It is inconceivable that true writing was ever devised as a tool for these people, let alone *by* them. The really marvelous things that writing does, the astounding feats of thought-stimulation, thought-preservation, and thought-transmission for which it has always been valued by a small and specialized segment of society, "the scribes," are of no interest to practical people: business records, private letters, school exercises, and the like are periodically consigned to the incinerator by clerks and merchants to whom eternal preservation and limitless transmission mean nothing. The contents of such documents from the beginning show a complete unawareness, almost a visible contempt, for the real capabilities and uses of writing. It is another and equally ancient type of document that knows how to prize the true merit of the written word, and it is easy to surmise that this wonderful device came to the human family as a gift from parties unknown whose intent was that it should assist the race in a sort of cosmic bookkeeping. At any rate, that actually is the principal use to which the instrument has been put since the beginning of that history which it alone has made possible.

(Continued on following page)

## The Way of the Church

## CONTROLLING THE PAST

(Continued from preceding page)

One might as well argue that the brace and bit was invented as a crude tool for scratching leather and later discovered to be useful for boring holes in wood as to maintain that writing was conceived as a means of keeping track of heads of beef and measures of grain by people who later discovered that far more wonderful and significant things could be done with it. The Great Seal of England can be used to crack nuts with—a simple, practical, primitive operation, suggesting a very plausible origin—but it also has other uses. The earliest uses of writing for the keeping of accounts are in temple records, sacred things; and right along with them go the ritual texts, with an equal claim to antiquity and a far greater claim to the attention of those priests who have always been the peculiar custodians of the written word. From the beginning the written words were the *divine* words, the *mdw ntr*.<sup>99</sup>

To state it briefly, we find writing from the first used for two kinds of bookkeeping: for terrestrial business it is not really necessary—in fact, such masters of this field as Commodore Vanderbilt found themselves better off without it; but for celestial business it is indispensable. Which, then, is the more likely to have produced it? Every indication points to the temple.

And what an instrument! By its operation we know not only what men saw and heard and did and said three and four thousand years ago, but actually what they also thought and felt. The most delicate nuances and fleeting impulses of the mind have outlasted the enormous Cyclopean foundations of world-ruling cities, and where twenty-ton blocks may have vanished without a trace, the dreams, hopes, and surmises of the fragile people who lived among them remain as fresh and clear as ever, available to the modern world in almost embarrassing abundance. Embarrassing, because this inestimable treasure lies neglected, even by those regiments of professional humanists who claim to be its custodians.

The cause of this neglect is to be found in the peculiar nature of the instrument. Our thought-transmission machine is the simple and eco-

nomical apparatus it is by virtue of being at the same time an exceedingly sensitive one. The price of the thing is nominal in this age of great libraries and microfilming, but its effectiveness depends entirely on the skill and understanding with which it is operated. True writing is not picture writing; to receive its message the reader himself must be very specially adjusted. And when such a reader takes it upon himself to convey to others the words of the ancients, he himself becomes a part of the transmission machine—its most vital element, in fact. As far as the general public is concerned, the effectiveness of the miraculous and age-old machine for thought-transmission depends entirely on the man who is operating it.

All the documents of antiquity without exception are written in languages that no one speaks today. What an opportunity this offers for controlling the past! In the field of translation the scope and ambition of operations are simply staggering. The ancient writer and the modern reader—producer and consumer of history respectively—are alike at the mercy of a tyrannical middleman without whose express permission not one word can be conveyed from the past to the present. This serious situation demands a moment's attention. Let us consider briefly the crippling disadvantages of trying to study church history through the medium of translations.

### 2. THE FOLLIES OF TRANSLATION

*Folly Number One—Destroying the Clues:* Every page of any ancient text is a densely compact, all but solid mass of elaborately interwoven clues. No two people react the same way to these clues, and no one person reacts the same way to them twice. Yet a translation, no matter how good, is only one man's reaction to the clues at one time of his life. The most famous and successful translation in the English language is Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*. Fitzgerald's, not Omar Khayyam's, for though Fitzgerald translated the whole thing again and again, producing a different Omar each time, Fitzgerald was never satisfied that any of his poems was Omar's. The translator is like an officious detective who hands us

his written report of the case but refuses to let us see the evidence for ourselves. Granted that the constable is smarter than we are and more experienced at his business, still we want to see the clues for ourselves, for in them lie the charm, challenge, and instruction of the game. In the place of a teeming, living complex of hints and suggestions which is the original text the translator gives us, as he must, only a limited number of certitudes—his certitudes, not the author's—and whatever fails to attract *his* attention and elicit *his* response is left unrecorded. Thus the door is closed to any critical study of any text in translation, and we have the well-known dictum that the completest critical commentary on a text is a translation of it, or in other words, that a translation is not a text at all but only a commentary on it: after the translator has given us his views there is nothing more to say. He places before us his own handiwork from which all possible interpretations but his own have been removed.

*Folly Number Two—Opinions for Evidence:* There are two things that no translation can convey, namely *what* the author said and *how* he said it. At the beginning of his book on the translation of Greek and Latin, Wilamowitz-Moellendorf gives a well-nigh perfect definition of a translation: "A translation is a statement in the translator's own words of what he thinks the author had in mind." He cannot, of course, state what the author actually had in mind, for only the author knows that; nor can he report what the author *said* he had in mind, for the author has already done that; he can, as Wilamowitz assures us, only tell us in his own language what he thinks the author is trying to convey.

This means that any translation is at best only an *opinion*—one man's opinion of what another man had in mind. Now the importance of ancient documents as a whole lies in their value as *evidence*, the evidence on which we must build the whole story of the human race. But an opinion is *not* evidence. It is not admissible in the court of scholarship for the same reason that it is not admissible in a court of law, because it always contains a conclusion of the

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Unlocking the Doors to Opportunity

by Eugenie Daniels

An unusual night scene of the Salt Lake Temple.



—Photograph by T. Harold Jacobsen

OUR FAMILY tree grew many years before I even knew it had been planted. The phrases, “keeping family records, hunting genealogy, and filling out pedigree charts” were familiar, but the necessity or the fascination of doing it didn’t appeal to me until I was in my twenties and visiting a great-aunt who had reared my orphan mother and brought her to Utah where she joined the Church.

I had lived in California about fifteen years when I went back to Payson, Utah, to visit relatives. While at my aunt’s home I noticed several loose-leaf books on a table and wondering about them, asked, “Aunt Mattie, what are you doing with all those books?”

After her explanation I became interested and a half-hour later was “up to my neck” in them. Each book contained sheet after sheet of my ancestors’ history. Each sheet had five generations of ancestors. Later I began making copies of each sheet pertaining to my mother’s family. The longer I read and wrote, the more interested I became. I did not want to stop when my husband came to take me home.

Aunt Mattie taught me to think back, as that is the method of filling out genealogy-history sheets. Each person starts with his or her name, then fills in a space designated for

his father and mother’s name, date of birth, date of marriage, place of birth and place of death. Going back, the next place to fill out has increased to four spaces because, each has to fill in the history of his father’s parents (your grandparents on his side) and his mother’s father and mother (grandparents on her side), increasing eight histories like doubling a penny.

After reading several pages I discovered my mother’s grandmother was a direct descendant of Priscilla Mullins, who had married John Alden. Priscilla’s daughter was Ruth Alden. Her daughter was Ruth Bass, whose daughter Ruth Webb had a daughter Ruth Faxon. Ruth Faxon named her daughter Ruth Locke.

But when Ruth Locke married and had her child, it was a boy so the family name of Ruth stopped, and the son was named Albert Faxon Kapple, born in Dublin, Ireland, or on the ocean. Albert Faxon Kapple, sometimes spelled Capel, met and married Corinnia Simonds. They had a girl and christened her Joanna Kapple. She married Henrich Franz Friedrich, an artist from Sulzheim, Germany. He changed his name to English, spelling it Henry Fredericks. They were the parents of my mother, Cora Corinnia Fredericks.

Sir Robert Arden born January 15,

1484, in Warwickshire, was an officer in the army of King Henry VIII and a remote grandparent of mine and also a great-grandparent of William Shakespeare. Their relationship was as follows:

Sir John Alexander’s children were, Henry, May 11, 1510—married Grace Arden; Mary, Feb. 5, 1512— married (Grace’s brother) Robert Arden; Abigail, June 6, 1515—married Richard Shakespeare; Agnes, March 9, 1522—married John Hill, a doctor; he died; and she married Mary’s husband, Robert Arden.

Mary’s daughter married Abigail’s son (cousin), who was John Shakespeare. They were the parents of William Shakespeare, the playwright.

On this Webb “limb” its branches went back to the year 1372. From Sir John Alexander Webb’s father, John Webb, born July 9, 1450 to his grandfather, William Webb, John Webb, Sr., and Geoffrey Webb born April 12, 1372.

Glancing at the family tree as a whole the name Abigail, a few generations back, was as common as Cathy, Sue, and Robin are today. On its limbs were Abigail-twigs of Baxter, Willis, Saville, Allen, Locke, Buell, Ames, Noyes, and Shakespeare.

The oddest names were Brother Paddy of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Humility Webb, Experience Bolter, Love Simonds, Ebenezer Flagg, Freedom Stone, wife of Deacon John Buell, II, Abiah Ingersol, and Cathrine Goode, wife of Sir Robert Buell of Chesterton.

On my mother’s limb of the family tree, females predominated. She was the mother of four daughters. She had only one brother, and her sisters, with the exception of one, had only daughters.

I remember reading in Macaulay’s *History of England*, “A people which takes no pride in the noble achievement of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.”

(Continued on page 348)

# "...publish it upon the mountains"

## THE STORY OF MARTIN HARRIS

by William H. Homer, Jr.

### Activities in Kirtland

#### CHAPTER III

MARTIN HARRIS was baptized at Fayette by Oliver Cowdery shortly after the Church was organized (April 6, 1830). Also baptized at the same time were the Prophet's father and mother and Orrin Porter Rockwell.<sup>1</sup>

The first recorded ordination of Martin Harris to an office in the priesthood, that of priest, occurred at the first conference of the Church, held at Fayette, June 9, 1830. Joseph Smith, Sr., and Hyrum Smith were ordained priests at the same conference.<sup>2</sup>

The first high priests were ordained at the conference held at Kirtland, June 3-6, 1831. Among those ordained high priests at that time were the Prophet's father, his brother Hyrum, and Martin Harris. Martin was ordained under the hands of Lyman Wight.<sup>3</sup>

During the summer of 1831 Martin Harris was called to accompany the Prophet on a mission to Missouri.<sup>4</sup> The missionaries traveled with companions, and Martin was paired with Edward Partridge. Their destination was the "land of our inheritance, where Zion should be built." Martin Harris was present at the consecration and dedication ceremonies of the land of Zion.

On August 3, 1831, the temple site was dedicated by Joseph Smith. Present also were Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, W. W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Joseph Coe. The scene was solemn and impressive.<sup>5</sup>

During this same month, August

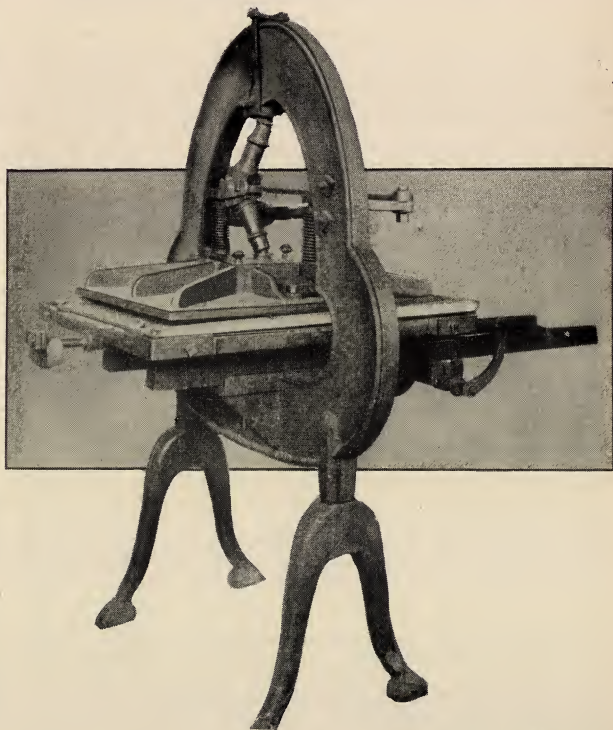
1831, Martin Harris was the first called by name through revelation to obey the law of consecration as an example to the church. "It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the church, in laying his money before the bishop of the church." (D. & C. 58:35.)

It is said he obeyed cheerfully.

Returning from the mission to Missouri, Martin Harris proceeded to establish his home in Kirtland, which

remained his permanent residence until he went to Utah in 1870.

The reputation of Martin Harris and the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries at the time he moved from Palmyra to Kirtland, is expressed in a newspaper article published under date of May 26, 1831, stating that Martin Harris was one of about fifty persons to move to Ohio. It went on to say that his character was of the finest, but that his large circle of friends pitied him



The printing press on which the first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed, in 1830.

<sup>1</sup>Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History* (Salt Lake City, 1939), p. 93.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 98.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 126.

<sup>4</sup>*Documentary History of the Church* (Salt Lake City, 1927), 1:188.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, 1:199.



for his delusions in joining the Church.<sup>6</sup>

An important event in the progress of the Church took place in the autumn of 1831, the appointment of a body of stewards over the revelations and commandments. This group of men, of which Martin Harris was a member, was assigned the responsibility of managing the publication of the book of commandments and revelations.<sup>7</sup> The vital importance of this calling was emphasized when the Lord warned the committee of stewards, "And an account of this stewardship will I require of them in the day of judgment." (D. & C. 70:4.)

The fundamental significance and true worth of the revelations are forcefully expressed in the report of Joseph Smith:

My time was occupied closely in reviewing the commandments and sitting in conference for nearly two weeks; for from the first to the twelfth of November [1831] we held four special conferences. In the last, which was held at Brother Johnson's in Hiram, after deliberate consideration, in consequence of the book of revelations, now to be printed, being the foundation of the Church in these last days, . . . Therefore the conference voted that they prize the revelations to be worth to the Church the riches of the whole earth, speaking temporally. The great benefits to the world which result from the Book of Mormon and the revelations which the Lord has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to grant unto us for our salvation, and for the salvation of all that will believe, were duly appreciated.<sup>8</sup>

Martin Harris was for a time faithful and energetic in the performance of his duties in Kirtland. However, as early as the beginning of 1834, a spirit of discontent and criticism was made manifest in his attitude. It is recorded that during January 1834 Martin Harris was hailed before the council to answer charges of slander against Joseph Smith.<sup>9</sup>

He confessed that his mind was darkened, and that he had said many things inadvertently, calculated to wound the feelings of his brethren, and promised to do better. The council forgave him, with much good advice.<sup>10</sup>

On the following February 17, 1834, Martin Harris was chosen a member of the first high council to be organized in this dispensation.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>6</sup>Painesville (Ohio) *Telegraph*, cited in Francis W. Kirkham, *A New Witness for Christ in America* (Independence, Mo. 1942), p. 168.

<sup>7</sup>D. H. C., op. cit., 1:236.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., 1:235-236.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., 1:126.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., 1:128; D. & C. 102.

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When the call went forth asking for volunteers to go to Zion to the succor of the Saints who had been driven from Jackson County, Martin Harris was among the first to offer his services. While a member of Zion's Camp, Martin's perverse nature was again revealed. We quote from the Prophet's journal for Monday, June 16, 1834:



Standing near Monument to Martin Harris at Clarkston, Utah, are two grandsons of Martin Harris. (Left) Walter Harris Davis, son of Julia, daughter of Martin, and (right) Russell King Harris, son of Martin, Jr.

[In Zion's Camp], Martin Harris having boasted to the brethren that he could handle snakes with perfect safety, while fooling with a black snake with his bare feet, he received a bite on his left foot. . . . I [Joseph Smith] took occasion to reprove him, and exhort the brethren never to trifle with the promises of God. I told them that it was presumptuous for anyone to provoke a serpent to bite him, but if a man of God was accidentally bitten by a poisonous serpent, he might have faith, or his brethren might have faith for him; so that the Lord would hear his prayer and he might be healed; but when a man designedly provokes a serpent to bite him, the principle is the same as when a man drinks deadly poison, knowing it to be such. In that case, no man has any claim on the promises of God to be healed.<sup>12</sup>

As early as June 1829, the Lord

made known his purpose, as of old; to select Twelve Apostles:

And now, behold, I give unto you, Oliver Cowdery, and also unto David Whitmer, that you shall search out the Twelve, who shall have the desires of which I have spoken;

And by their desires and their works you shall know them. (D. & C. 18:37-38.)

The Lord then set forth their qualifications and duties.

It was not until February 14, 1835, more than five years later, that this divine command was complied with. At a special meeting held in Kirtland on this date, Joseph Smith announced that he had been commanded of the Lord to organize the Council of the Twelve, who would constitute a body equal in authority to the First Presidency. All members of Zion's Camp who could be reached were asked to attend, for the Twelve were to be called from among this number. To the two men who had formerly been named by revelation, Joseph Smith now added Martin Harris, and commissioned the three witnesses to choose and ordain the first members of the Council of the Twelve in this dispensation to instruct them in the duties of their new calling. Thus Martin Harris participated in this momentous event.<sup>13</sup> He was entrusted with a divine mission and called to fulfil the purposes of God.

Martin Harris early became the confidant of the Smith family. Joseph's mother, who was nearer Martin's own age, was always solicitous of his welfare. She writes, "I spoke of a confidential friend, to whom my husband merely mentioned the existence of the plates, some two or three years prior to their coming forth. This was none other than Martin Harris, one of the witnesses to the book, subsequent to its being translated.<sup>14</sup>

Joseph Smith himself was ever thoughtful of Martin Harris. Observe the intimate associations: Martin Harris was baptized at the same time as were the Prophet's father and mother; he was ordained a high priest at the same time as were the Prophet's father and brother Hyrum; he accompanied Joseph on the mission to Missouri and was present at the dedication of the temple site. History, in fact, records numerous instances

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., 1:186-187.

<sup>13</sup>Lucy Mack Smith, *History of the Prophet Joseph* (revised ed. Salt Lake City 1902), p. 109.



FOR A prolonged moment, Mark with his wife, Julia, hesitated there in the doorway of the school auditorium. Just now, he knew, he should be happy because Paula was graduating; happy because—well happiness was supposed to go with graduation the way moon rhymed with June. But definitely he wasn't happy. A vague melancholy gripped his soul.

He and Julia were late, as usual. But tonight it didn't matter. Reserved seats awaited in the honored place for parents, seats predestined for them since the day they acquired Paula. He took the offered printed program, and they followed an usher down the aisle. Having settled Julia, he sank gratefully into his predestined chair. Why make such a fuss about finishing the twelfth grade? Why didn't they hand out diplomas, as they did report cards, and be through with it?

Casually he studied his program and saw that Paula would sing a closing number. Paula lived in a world of song. She never, oh never, lived in the prosaic world of mathematics—that world she'd bequeathed to him when she dumped her algebra literally and figuratively into his lap.

"Daddy, it says here: 'Airplane A takes off from airport X.' Miss Humphreys says. . . ."

To no one in particular he'd growled, "Miss Humphreys! Why doesn't she do her own homework? If I had my way. . . ."

Of course, Paula had seen that he was pretty rusty on algebra and, to save face, he'd lectured her about developing initiative, doing her own work. Her only response was, "Daddy! You want me to graduate, don't you?"

And so Paula was graduating or would be graduated within the hour. School dignitaries now were filing on to the stage. Which was Miss Humphreys? Undoubtedly she was the elderly woman wearing bifocals. No other creature could take pleasure in finding out how long it took airplane A to overtake airplane B.

Just to prove his judgment sound, he whispered to Julia. "Which one is Miss Humphreys?" Julia, a devout member of P-TA would know.

She whispered back, "The blond on the front row, the one in the blue faille suit."

Why, Miss Humphreys was little more than a child herself! A golden-

haired goddess: living proof that sometimes a dream can be practical, practical enough to own a mathematical brain!

Here came the seniors, marching single file up the aisle, babes in somber caps and gowns, step by step advancing. After tonight, they would keep walking. Where? Into what? He was a diver fearfully emerging from icy waters, shaking sub-zero spray from his eyes. So much would happen. Paula could know suffering and tragedy. A cord in his neck tightened.

Paula swept by with a faint smile. Her face held the innocence of childhood, the confidence of youth, and the crusading zeal of Joan of Arc. Behind her marched Herb Elliott. Paula was currently in love with Herb.

So he hadn't been too concerned when, with the frankness of atomic-age youth, she'd confided, "Herb and I mean to have six children, a brick house electrically applaned. Of course, I'll have my career—my music—too."

The career, he gathered, also had a halo of unreality. He hadn't

pointed out that the house and children wouldn't mysteriously take care of themselves; that they would necessitate a large slice of worry and work about tonsilectomies, plumbing, menus. Instead, he'd said, "If you'd concentrate on algebra, you might make an A. . . ."

Her laugh was delicious. "Daddy! I'm avoiding the stigma of being a brain. Herb says a smart girl concentrates on looks."

He looked at her now without the bias of father love. There was nothing startling about her. She was average height, neither extremely dark nor fair, just natural looking, and appealing. So there would always be a Herb or some other man in her life until she chose one Herb for good. Heaven help her to choose the right Herb!

Somewhere in the marching seniors, he saw himself—another Mark. He recognized him by his long arms, big ears, and mop of red hair. This other

Mark looked with mild amazement across the chasm of thirty years at what he had become: a baldheaded man with an expanding waistline. As a boy, this Mark had had a dream with two ingredients: fun and barrels of money. He and a girl named Jennie had commuted to Bates High with two elderly schoolteachers and some businessmen. Very prosaic! Except that he and Jennie were in love!

"Trouble is, most people think fun and life don't go together," he'd told Jennie. "No use livin', if you can't have fun. I'll be a famous ball player, make a pile of money out of havin' fun. Between seasons, we'll travel. There'll be Hawaii, the Alps, and maybe an African safari. You'd love that, Jennie. We'll have fun—fun—"

It was as easy as that because everything comes out right, once you're in a dream. Where was Jennie now? Her folks moved away that summer. After all these years, he still remembered his pain at losing Jennie. They'd written long letters for a while. But words were a poor substitute. Then, suddenly, his father

## May Is the

by Verna Linburg

had died. Somebody had to run the store.

Baseball waited while he learned about invoices, discounts, markets. He also learned to love Julia, the perfect secretary. When they'd married, there wasn't time for much of a honeymoon. A new wing was being added to the store. Later there'd been air conditioning, escalators, a tea room.

He could never have done it except for Julia. Julia was good for him. She inspired him to make dreams concrete. He'd made money, not barrels of it, but enough. Fun? Had he had fun along the way? Maybe not. At least not in the way the boy Mark had thought of fun. But there'd been satisfaction. Maybe that was the word! Satisfaction with the business, his home, the Church, Julia! Julia was talking to him now.

"Isn't he distinguished-looking?" He leaned a little closer to her and mumbled, "Hum-m-m? Who?"

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

He and Julia were late. But tonight it didn't matter. Reserved seats awaited in the honored place for parents.



## Time

"I said, 'Isn't the speaker distinguished-looking?'"

By a tremendous effort, he concentrated briefly on the bespectacled commencement orator; trying desperately to paint a realistic world to the senior class, he might as well be lecturing a group of happy sparrows. His words rumbled on and on. Their thunder echoed in his brain like the distant rumble announcing the ghostly nine-pin game to Rip Van Winkle. Unlike Rip, though, only half of his brain was asleep—the half listening to the commencement address—the other half was busy with thoughts of Paula.

She'd come to them after two years of marriage. Naturally, he'd wanted a boy but, in no time at all—in fact, from the minute her baby fingers had clutched his hand—he'd been satisfied with a girl-child. Daughters favored fathers, he thought; sons were like mothers. Paula grew to look like Julia, thank goodness, but

MAY 1955

inside she was his. They shared a mutual dislike of onions, hot weather, and crowds, and a love of rain, the lonesome whistle of a train and the taste of popcorn. Tonight marked the end of one phase of their closeness. After tonight, Paula would have college, a home of her own. . . .

Her soprano voice awakened the other half of his brain. Paula stood before the footlights. She started to sing.

Mark heard Julia's sharp intake of breath, felt her shoulder give a convulsive twitch. A muscle in his jaw quivered.

All the longing and heartache of childhood melting into adulthood was in their daughter's dear voice. Mark wanted to take her into his arms and hold her forever, hold back life, sorrow, pain. These must never touch her. The song swept on to its heartbreaking finale on high-high notes.

It was a wonderful way to end a wonderful evening. Thunderous applause rang down the curtain, and the audience broke into a milling crowd.

A small cyclone hit him, and Paula's arms closed around his neck. "Oh, Daddy! I'm going to cry! It's

all over! I thought I'd be happy, but I'm not! I know you cannot understand. . . ."

But he did. Something sweet and dear was over for him, too. Paula was experiencing her first grief over an accomplished dream—a sudden adult awareness that possessing a dream doesn't bring happiness. Why must it be so? He wished he could tell her, but there were no words for dreams that faded into reality.

He wanted to tell her, "Someday you'll be in our place, and then a little door in your heart will open wide, and you'll be back to tonight. So tonight isn't over, Baby. Not really! You'll always have it, in a way." Instead, he patted her back and nodded over her shoulder at Miss Humphreys, who had joined them.

Paula turned in his arms. She wiped her eyes and smiled at everybody. "Daddy, the gang's going to Miss Humphreys' . . ."

"Run along," he said.

The boy who took her away wasn't named Herb. He was a tall, red-headed fellow with big ears, a young fellow named Mark. And so he called after them,

"Have fun!"



Dear Edgar,

IT WAS a thrill bumping into you, my old missionary companion, after all these years. But the thrill turned to shock when you answered my question as to what you were doing in the Church with, "Nothing."

I am sorry our visit was interrupted and cut so short so that all I had a chance to say was, "I still believe, and stronger than ever," but had no time to give you my reasons. Hence, this letter.

You once told me of an experience you had with a deer-hunting companion in the high Uintah Mountains, late one fall in bitter cold and stormy weather. Your companion had become lost, panicky, and finally exhausted from running over the mountainside. He lay down under a pine tree, and by sheer luck you had come upon him before he froze to death. He was still conscious and could talk to you, but in his numbed condition claimed he was not cold at all.

No amount of coaxing on your part could persuade him to get up and move around. He begged to be left alone, insisting that he was perfectly comfortable, and became angry when you dragged him to his feet and made him move. You said he really was angry when at last in desperation you picked up a stick and laid one or two across his back until he moved to get out of the reach of it. You had to drive him more than a mile like that, for every time you were sympathetic and eased up with the stick, he'd lie down again. Finally, however, you got him moving faster and faster to get out of the way of the stick, and his blood started circulating, warming him up so that when he could think clearly, he thanked you time and time again with tears in his eyes for using the stick and saving his life.

I have the feeling since our conversation the other day that you, and hundreds of other good men like you, are in about the same condition spiritually as your hunting companion was physically. You came home from your mission all enthusiastic, and for some reason you have grown cold. Is it because of inactivity in the Church? Is it because you're so

# Letter to a Missionary



An artist's conception of the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter, in the war prophesied by Joseph Smith, as early as 1833.

cold you are numb and can't think clearly in spiritual matters?

Perhaps you may have been offended by your ward teachers, quorum president, or your bishop because he would not go away and quit bothering you. Am I guessing correctly? It's too bad there isn't some sort of spiritual stick each could use to arouse you and get your spiritual blood circulating again. I'm sure the time would come when you would thank those who did use it for doing so.

Now to answer that charge of yours that there is no evidence, outside of Joseph Smith's saying so, that an angel ever visited him. Edgar, there are stacks of good evidence to corroborate Joseph Smith's statement that an angel came to him with an all important message from God to mankind.

Do you remember the conference in Chattanooga, and the one meeting we held up on Lookout Mountain,

where one of the great battles of the Civil War was fought, known as the "Battle above the Clouds"? We missionaries were sitting on the steps of the New York monument while President Callis was delivering his sermon, and in the course of his remarks he quoted these lines from Shakespeare:

And this our life exempt from public  
haunt

Finds tongues in trees, books in the  
running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in every  
thing.

—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1

Then he asked us, "If there are sermons in stone, as Shakespeare said, what sermon is that pile of stone preaching?" pointing to the monument. None of us had an answer. Then he said, "I'll tell you what sermon it is preaching. It is preaching that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God." He paused as we looked at each other wondering how

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Companion

by Rulon Killian

BISHOP OF KAYSVILLE 1ST WARD

it could possibly be. Then he continued about like this:

"Twenty-eight years before the Civil War began, Joseph Smith prophesied that war would break out between the Southern States and the Northern States, that the Southern States would call upon Great Britain for help, and that the war would terminate in the death and misery of many souls. Now New York and other states have gone to much trouble and expense to have these stones hauled up on this mountain (and dozens of other parks throughout the Southern States) and piled up artistically to tell all who visit these places that the Southern States did fight against the Northern States, that the Southern States did call upon Great Britain for help, and that the war did terminate in the death and misery of many souls."

You may have forgotten that sermon, Edgar, but I haven't, and as I have grown older and have looked about me, I see many things besides stones that are preaching a sermon

that Joseph Smith is a Prophet and testifying that he was visited and instructed by an angel. Your automobile is preaching it, and so is your refrigerator and all of our modern-day wonders.

The Angel Moroni visited Joseph Smith September 22, 1823, and after telling the boy about the plates hidden in the hill, began quoting prophecies from the Old Testament saying that they had not been fulfilled yet but soon would be. One of these was from Joel 2:28 to 30. It reads, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

"And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

"And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke." Now there are other verses he quoted, and whole sermons in each of them, but time and space will permit my calling attention to only the part wherein it says that God will pour out his spirit upon all flesh, men will dream dreams and see visions and great wonders will come upon the earth. The angel said, "Now that prophecy will soon come to pass."

Edgar, have you ever stopped to

realize that men in 1823 were harvesting their grain with scythes and sickles and threshing it out by spreading it on a floor and driving their oxen over it? The selfsame method that had been used for the past five thousand years. (You can read of that method in the book of Genesis.) But shortly after 1823, Cyrus H. McCormick began visualizing the possibility of a mechanical reaper, and it was in the ninth year after the angel's visit that he had his reaper patented. Also, in 1823, women were still using the needle and thread to make their clothes as they had been doing ever since before the flood. But soon the inventor Elias Howe got to dreaming of the possibility of a sewing machine, and in a score of years he was demonstrating one.

I was reading a little almanac recently put out by the Bell Telephone Company, and this appeared in one place, "When George Washington died (December 14, 1799) although his death was top news to the country, it was eleven days before the people up in Boston heard about it," showing that in communication as in these other things progress was slow. George Washington died twenty-four years before the angel's visit. Shortly after the visit, however, a man who was neither scientist nor mechanic, but an artist, was returning from an art exhibit in Paris. While on the boat the idea came to him of the possibility of sending messages by code over a wire. He soon was working on the idea. A wire was strung between Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, and the first words sent over the wire were, "What hath God wrought." Thus Samuel F. B. Morse publicly admitted that God had put this idea into his head. (By the way, this demonstration took place May 24, 1844, just one month and three days before that bloodthirsty mob took the life of Joseph Smith in Carthage, Illinois.) Twenty-four years before the angel's visit it took top news eleven days to reach Boston, three hundred and fifty miles away! Twenty-four years after the angel's visit it could be sent in less than eleven seconds.

Edgar, get out your encyclopedia and check me on these dates and notice too that in transportation as in

(Continued on page 350)



The wonders of modern automotive transportation received great impetus under the hands of such men as Henry Ford, pictured here in his first "horseless carriage."  
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Juan (one of the Lacadon Indian guides) paddling the boat taking Milton R. Hunter and José Dávila across the river near José Petit's home, and Nabor (another Lacadon Indian guide), sitting on the log.

## PART II

### Visiting Bonampak and the Lacadon Indians

**A** DRAMATIC chapter in the story of American archaeology was broadcast to the world in 1947 when the recent discovery in the southern jungles of Mexico of scenes depicting dark-and light-colored Indians painted on the interior walls of a temple was announced. The Mayan name *Bonampak*, meaning "painted walls," was given to this archaeological site.<sup>1</sup>

A succession of interesting events resulted in the discovery of Bonampak. Approximately fifteen years ago when war clouds were hovering over the United States, Charles (Carlos) Frey, a young man in Chicago, decided to get completely away from what we term civilization; and so he left the United States with the hope of finding a spot where he could enjoy peace and contentment with

complete freedom from the multitude of worries and problems attached to modern society. In the jungles of the Usumancinta River basin near the southern borders of Mexico, he joined a group of Mayans, the Lacadon Indians, who were living under very primitive conditions.<sup>2</sup> He married one of their women and made his home with them.

After living with them for a few years, he won their confidence, and they told him about Bonampak, situated some ten to fifteen miles from their jungle huts. As a result of much persuasion, the Lacadon Indians guided Mr. Frey to the temple of the "painted walls," and these he examined with intense interest. Soon thereafter he visited Mexico City and reported his discovery. Archaeol-

# Archaeology Book

ogists hurried to Bonampak and published articles describing this unusual, ancient temple with its "painted walls."

When I read those articles, I secretly and eagerly hoped to visit Bonampak and examine this marvelous discovery which could provide valuable evidence in helping to confirm the claims made by the Book of Mormon that there were dark and light colored peoples in ancient America.<sup>3</sup> My chances to go there seemed re-

<sup>1</sup>Sylvanus G. Morley, *The Ancient Maya* (Palo Alto, California, 1947), p. 415.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 208, 381, 410.

<sup>3</sup>2 Ne. 5:21-25; 30:6; Jacob 3:8; 3 Ne. 2:13.



mote; however, rather unexpectedly I received the opportunity to go.

At 5:30 a.m. on the morning of January 18, 1955, Otto Done, a photographer working for the Church, José Dávila, a Mexican guide and former branch president at Puebla, and I alighted from a train at Tenosique, Tabasco, Mexico, waited anxiously for daylight to come, and then hired the owner of a small plane to fly us to an airstrip near Bonampak. By 10 o'clock we had flown over the jungles of Mexico nearly to the extreme southern limits of that country and had landed on an airstrip cut for the use of workers in the chicle industry which provides the substance from which chewing gum is made. The place we landed was called El Sedro. We were now in one of the most densely wooded regions in the world, where there are no civilized people and no laws to govern the few primitive Lacadon Indians who live there. Before he left, our aviator informed us that we were crazy if we attempted to hike to Bonampak. He said, "If you get lost, you won't be the first nor the last ones. Recently an American was lost in these jungles for fifteen days." In spite of his efforts to discourage us, we were still determined to go to Bonampak.

And so the aviator remarked, "If you still insist on going, there is your

## and the of Mormon

by Dr. Milton R. Hunter

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

Photographs by Otto Done

trail leading out of the southwest corner of the airstrip; however, I still think you are fools."

We arranged with the aviator to meet him at the airstrip three days hence at 10 a.m., waved adieu as he flew away, and then commenced hiking along a very indistinct and difficult jungle trail.

After approximately one hour's time had passed and Otto, José, and I had almost reached the conclusion

(Continued on following page)



Top: Airplane view of jungles and clouds, shortly before the arrival at the airstrip fifteen miles from Bonampak. Center: A stream of water used for a jungle trail, and Nabor, Milton R. Hunter, and José Dávila. Bottom: Lacadon Indians studying a photograph of themselves, Milton R. Hunter, and José Dávila. Observe height of Indians. The three on the left are the Indians who first met us.





Milton R. Hunter and Nabor examining a broken Mayan stele at Bonampak.

## Archaeology and the Book of Mormon

*(Continued from preceding page)*

that we were lost, we met some Indians on the trail and they became our guides.

Our rescuers consisted of two Indian women and a boy, the latter whom I estimated to be approximately fifteen years old. These Indians, having heard our plane, had left their home and hurried down the trail to meet us.

They spoke Spanish and Mayan, having learned the former language from chicle workers, and so Otto and José conversed with them in Spanish.

After proper introductions had been made, the Indian women announced that they were formerly the wives of a man named Corranza who had been killed recently by another member of their tribe named Obregon. This news was disheartening. Here we were miles and miles from civilization, with no law enforcement officers nor laws to protect us, and suddenly we were informed that this had happened. With concern we asked, "Why did Obregon shoot Corranza?"

The reply was, "Because Obregon was loco in the head."

In each of our hearts was a strong hope and a sincere prayer that we three would not become Obregon's next victims. Nevertheless we were very thankful to have the Indians

as our guides; and so we proceeded onward, putting our trust in the Lord.

Never in my life before making this trip have I known what jungles and jungle trails really were. What a trail! The trees of numerous varieties, towering approximately one hun-

dred feet upward and growing closely together, were interwoven with vines of various species. These not only climbed the trees from the ground to their tops, but also grew crosswise from tree to tree, making the vegetation practically a solid hedge. We observed that certain varieties of plants, such as philodendrons, which are grown as house plants in Utah, climbed one hundred feet high to the tops of the trees. Words are inadequate to describe the density and the beauty of the tropical jungles of southern Mexico. Thousands of orchid plants are attached to the trees. When in full bloom, these flowers would be a gorgeous sight.

Occasionally vines grew across the trail only four or five feet from the ground. This necessitated much stooping on our part, especially in the case of Otto Done who is six feet two inches tall. Because of the masses of leaves which were packed on the ground, the trail at times was extremely difficult to distinguish. We could have gone one direction almost as easily as another and still thought we were on the trail.

The tropical vegetation was so dense, regardless of how brightly the sun shone in the heavens, that it resembled dusk throughout the entire

José Petit, a red-headed Lacandon Indian — practically white, with his wife and baby. José is the brother-in-law of of Frey, discoverer of Bonampak.





A white, redheaded Lacadon woman.

course of our journey. The heat was intense and the humidity high. I was unable to wear my glasses at all in the jungles.

We soon learned that the Lacadon Indians were decidedly in favor of using streams of water for the trail whenever opportunity afforded itself. Occasionally during the earlier portion of our journey the trail crossed streams of water. We picked our way very cautiously, endeavoring to find logs or rocks on which to walk. Soon our feet were thoroughly soaked, and from then on we merely waded in the water in Indian fashion whenever we encountered a stream. As we continued our journey toward Bonampak, the trail on a number of occasions actually went in the streams of water, following their courses for nearly one hundred yards at a time before coming again onto the land. At certain times the water in which we waded was knee-deep. The trail was so indistinct and difficult to follow that without our Indian guides, we would have never reached Bonampak.

Our progress was made more difficult in certain places by muddy trails, causing us to sink ankle-deep; in other places our progress was hampered by four or five logs which had fallen on top of each other and were lying stretched across the trail. If it so happened that there was a hole large enough underneath the logs to squeeze through, the Indians would drop on their stomachs and crawl. Unfortunately, we found it impossible to follow suit, since we were carrying

so much equipment, and so we were forced to climb over the logs. I had a large movie camera strapped around my neck and hanging in front of me, with another camera hanging down my back, and water canteens hanging on each side. Otto and José were equally heavily laden, their packs including food, hammocks, and several additional cameras.

As we continued our journey along the jungle trail, it seemed as if every vine reached out and grabbed hold of our feet, tripping us over. It was really laughable to see how many times each of us fell down, but our Indian guides never stumbled. My first really exciting fall occurred shortly after the Indians had joined us. We were attempting to cross a stream on a log covered with slick, green moss. When I reached the middle of the stream, my feet slipped, and I fell into the water. As quickly as I could I held both cameras as high out of the water as possible, while I struggled to my feet and out of the stream. How the Indians laughed! That mishap furnished them the most fun they experienced while we were with them.

We hiked through the jungles for approximately two hours after the

Indian women and boy met us before we arrived at their *casa* or home. We invited them to continue on to Bonampak, but they declined, stating that the two men of that particular household probably would go with us if we would wait until they returned from hunting birds. Naturally to wait was our only choice; however, this afforded us an unusual opportunity to study the Lacadon Indians firsthand.

The two men, their several wives, and the two boys were living in two thatched houses which stood in the center of a beautiful spot that had been carved out of the jungles. A river of sparkling water ran nearby. Approximately ten acres of land produced bananas, sweet potatoes, corn, sugar cane, gourds, tobacco, and papayas for the Indians' subsistence. We observed that this small group of natives had twelve dogs, a herd of goats, a large flock of chickens, several turkeys, and a pair of parrots. The latter perched in a tree and served as decoys to attract wild parrots which the Indians shot for food according to their desires and needs.

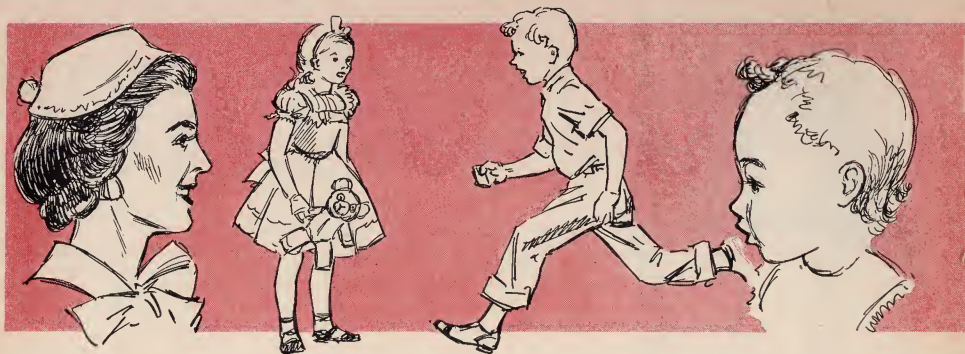
Since there were only two boys of approximately fifteen years of age in

(Continued on page 338)



Lacadon Indians eating dinner before the departure for Bonampak.





# Mother of the YEAR

by Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

NANCY LEFT her typewriter and went impatiently to answer the doorbell. She'd never get that article finished in time. She hoped it was a salesman whom she could dispose of quickly. She sighed as she passed the door of Jim's disorderly room. Why was it so much harder to train Jim than it had been the other children?—That slipshod Barker family—what he could see in the girl?—The bell rang again.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morris," greeted the smartly tailored young woman on the porch. "Can you spare a few moments?"

"I'm very busy. What—"

"I'm Bonnie Ungar from the *Evening Express*. You know, of course, that you are a nominee for the Clarksdale mother of the year."

"Yes. I heard—or read something about it. There were several nominees."

"Yes. But you are tied in the committee with another, that is for—the deciding vote. Mr. Harvey, editor of the *Express*, persuaded the committee to let him run interviews with you two nominees; then maybe have a public poll or something like that for the final decision. It seems the qualifications of you and the other nominee are so fine—and yet

so different that he thinks it would arouse interest in what are the best qualifications for good motherhood. He appointed me to write the interviews which will be published in the woman's department of the *Express*."

Nancy hesitated. She was naturally pleased that she had been nominated by the Progressive League she had organized a number of years ago. But having a public poll—it was a strange procedure.

"If—if you are too busy right now, I could come back a little later," the girl offered. "I could go and see Mrs. Barker first."

"No, no. Come in. I'm always busy," Mrs. Barker—surely it couldn't be—

"Sit here, by this table. Who did you say the other nominee is?"

"A Mrs. Barker—Susan I think her name is."

"The one who lives on Canal Street?"

"Why, yes, I believe so. Yes, here it is—49 West Canal Street. Her husband is Sam Barker. He has a food store over on the west side. She must be a wonderful woman, too, though not so prominent as you. I really hadn't heard of her before. I suppose you know her."

"I know of her," Nancy said dryly.

She thought of her picture of the Barker home she had built from things Jim had said since he became interested in Jeanie—a family picnic in the living room one day when it rained—little boys roasting wieners over logs in the fireplace—neighborhood talent shows and lawn carnivals with the mother leaving her washing half-done to be a judge. And he thought it was wonderful.

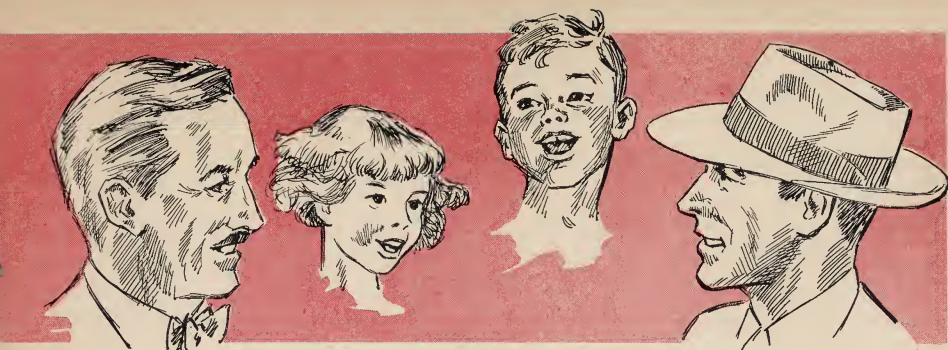
"Well, now what is it you want to know?" She wondered who could have nominated the woman. She couldn't possibly belong to any clubs—with that household. Was it nine or eleven, Jim had said?

"Why just everything. Everyone knows how much you've done for Clarksdale, working on drives, lecturing, organizing clubs. You organized the Progressive League—tell me about that."

"That was fifteen years ago. There was nothing in Clarksdale then, it seemed to me, of a cultural nature. There were only five original members. Women were not interested in anything outside their homes. Now there are fifty members and a long waiting list. The league has done wonders in improving the members through wide reading and has stimulated interest in civic projects which

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have raised the cultural standards of the town."

"What are some of the projects you have helped to promote?"

"I promoted the first drive for a public library, was a charter member of the City Health Board. Oh, I suppose I've had my hand in most every worth-while movement in Clarksdale during the last quarter of a century."

"I'm sure you have. And all your lecturing and writing besides."

"Yes, I do some of both. I helped get our Community Lyceum Course operating and have been on the Lecturing Service Bureau since."

"And you write for different magazines."

"I do the news notes for the A.A.U.W. *Bulletin* and some articles each year for the *Social Science Gazette*, and occasionally something else. I'm busy now on an article I must get off."

"Tell me about your hobbies."

Nancy stiffened a little.

"I've never had time for hobbies. They're for people who fail to find real objectives in life."

The girl was taken aback.

"Tell me about your family. I understand your four sons and one daughter have done pretty wonderful things, too. And of course it's the children who largely determine the greatness of the mother."

"My oldest son, Dr. Henry T. Morris, is with the International Archaeological Institute."

"I've heard of him. He writes for *National Geographic*."

"Yes. He conducts archaeological surveys, too, in different countries. He is going to Greece soon to oversee excavations there."

Or had he already gone? Nancy recalled his last letter with uneasiness. Could his marriage be in danger? He mentioned Harriet's objection to his traveling abroad until Tommy had recovered from rheumatic fever. Why hadn't he written more? Had she made the children too independent of her?

"You must be very proud of him. Your next son? He's the architect who helped plan the remodeling of the White House, isn't he?"

"Yes, Richard is doing very well."

in her desk? She'd been so busy about that time with committee work.

"And your third son? Where is he?"

"He's with the government also—an attaché in Italy."

"Are these three sons married?"

"Yes. Walter hasn't been home since the war. He married a French girl while he was doing personnel work after the war. Then he was given his present position."

"And you haven't seen him in all these years?"

"No. Children have their own lives to live," Nancy recalled Walter's plan to bring his bride home and her own discouragement of it because of the expense and shortness of his vacation. Had her hope to go abroad herself before he returned, prompted her advice?

"And you have but one daughter? What is she doing to add to your honor as a mother?"

"I'm afraid nothing," Nancy hoped the girl couldn't sense her disappointment. "Kathie married just before she finished college. I'd planned for her to study medicine. Her father had hoped one of the children would follow his profession—and she seemed to have a bent in that direction. Her husband is an agricultural professor."

Her disappointment that Kathie had refused a career still hurt. Of course she'd wanted her to marry, but she was so young and had had her babies so fast. Nancy had tried hard to be father and mother both after Henry's death. She had so wanted them all to achieve. But Kathie had failed her.

"How many grandchildren do you have?" the girl asked.

(Continued on following page)



"The *Express* ran an article on him in our column, 'Local Boys Make Good.'"

Nancy wondered if she sent the clipping to Richard—or was it still

## MOTHER OF THE YEAR

(Continued from preceding page)

Nancy felt almost embarrassed. Her children were prolific.

"Henry has five, Richard five, and Walter—three." His last letter had said there would be another in the spring, and the baby wasn't yet a year old! "And Kathie—She used to say she wanted ten and—she has seven already. One pair of twins. I'm afraid she's like some of the women here who seem to think the size of their families is the goal of motherhood. I believe in improving the race—not just making it larger." The girl kept busily taking notes.

"Oh, we haven't talked about Jim. Though he's still young, I imagine you can tell pretty well what he will be."

Nancy sighed. "I wish I could tell about Jim. He's the brightest of the children as far as his IQ goes. But he hasn't found himself yet."

"Doesn't he go with Jeanie Barker? How exciting! Their mothers—both candidates for Mother of the Year. That would make a story in itself."

"I don't see why," Nancy said coldly. "Now if you have the information you want, Miss Ungar, I really must get back to my work."

"Could you give me just one more thing? I do want to do justice to your wonderful women. Please list the things you have developed in your children which you consider the greatest contributing factors in their success."

As Nancy sat formulating the rules, schedules, and habits she had emphasized with the children in their early lives, she noted the girl's eyes roving admiringly over the attractive living room. Nancy was proud of the harmony, the dignified austerity, and elegance she had achieved.

"I don't know whether these are the most important, but being left to take the place of their father as well as being mother, I tried to impress them with things I felt were the bases of success: becoming independent—able to solve their own problems without leaning on others; forming habits of industry and dependability; and to be constantly on the alert for opportunities for advancement toward the goals of their ambitions. I had them follow a few rules and schedules in the home to inculcate punctuality, neatness, sharing of responsibility. These seemed

to work pretty well with the older boys. But—of course Jim is still young."

"I think you've been wonderfully successful, and thank you so much. If you think of anything else, call me. Mr. Harvey wants the interviews in tomorrow's paper."

Nancy went back to her work, still thinking of Susan Barker. What had she done for Clarksdale—except increase the population? Her housekeeping must be haphazard—judging from the effect on Jim. How serious was he with Jeanie? She was pretty, Nancy recalled, the one time he'd brought her home—but not well-groomed. He'd brought her only once, but went to her home more and more frequently.

Back at her work she forgot everything until four o'clock, when she stopped to freshen herself and prepare dinner. When it was six o'clock and Jim hadn't come, she was irritated. If he'd been delayed at the lab he should have phoned. This was happening too often. He'd probably gone home with Jeanie and was eating some of Mrs. Barker's "good stew" he'd told her about, sitting with a bunch of disheveled kids.

She ate her dinner in grim discontent and was back at her work when Jim came, hours later. When he came to her door, she said coldly, "I suppose you've had something to eat."

"Yes," he answered and went to his room. The next day there was a restraint between them.

When the *Express* came that evening, Nancy turned at once to Woman's Section and hastily read the editorial paragraph preceding Miss Ungar's interviews. She re-read the last sentence: "But after all, this recognition is not for the Mother of the Year, but for the outstanding mother, and it is in her relationship with her children that a mother's greatness is found." An uneasy feeling stole over Nancy, but she soon forgot it as she read of the achievements of herself and her children. The girl had done a good job. Nancy glowed with satisfaction.

She turned to the other interview with curiosity.

"The two selected by the committee from the number of worthy nominees are vastly different. My visits to both were—well, inspiring.

"Mrs. Barker was making a costume for one of her girls for the coming school jamboree. She was also tending a daughter's twins while their mother was working on the drive for disabled Korean veterans, and she was baking beans for a church social. But she made me welcome."

"Mrs. Barker is the mother of ten. The six married ones have given her twenty-one grandchildren."

Nancy read of the Barker progeny—one son was a Scout executive; another was with his father in the grocery business; a third, city recreational director, and another was on a mission. She read with special interest about her daughters.

"Ruth is the mother of the twins.

I was too busy when my children were small to do anything outside the home. I don't want my girls to be so tied. I try to give them a little freedom so they can take part in things that help others and at the same time make them better mothers. Clara, my second girl, is going to a home demonstrator's convention in Seattle. We will have her three with us the ten days she's gone. Her husband is fine about her going, but he's principal of the junior high over in Three Points and of course can't take care of the babies."

"When the interviewer asked if caring for grandchildren wasn't hard now she was getting older, Susan replied: 'Well, of course, I get tired easier, but grandchildren don't get on my nerves, they're something extra special.'"

"While she talked of her children she alternately picked up the toys the twins kept throwing out of the play pen, checked on the beans in the oven, and basted ruffles on Judy's costume. Phil, in Korea, had been wounded twice and decorated for the heroic rescue of some of his wounded buddies."

"She told of the disappointment to her and her husband that they couldn't give all their children college educations. Robert had started to school on his GI allotment, but when their second baby came, they couldn't make his \$50 stretch over all their expenses; so he had stopped to help his father in the grocery business. She hoped Phil could go when he got back from Korea and Howard when

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Prayer:

## THE KEY TO SECURITY

by Ezra J. Poulsen

THE person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness," says Joseph Addison.

When one sees people beset by fear and anxiety, often over matters of no great moment, he is compelled to wonder why so many fail to seek the strength found in honest faith and in daily prayer. The person who keeps in touch with God in the true spirit of worship finds courage to act, make decisions, and meet life's reverses with a buoyancy unknown to the person of little faith.

As a small boy, I used to wonder about our nextdoor neighbor. I was sure he was the happiest man I ever saw, though I could see no particular reason for this. But I knew by the way he whistled when he worked in his garden, by the way he greeted the youngsters on the street, as well as his ever-present smile that he felt life was paying him rich dividends, though he worked hard and was not wealthy. In time, I learned his story. He had lived a careless life in his younger days, and as a result had tasted the bitter dregs of failure and hopelessness, which is usually the lot of those who attempt to live aimlessly without God. Then, in his need, he humbled himself and prayed for guidance. That was the beginning of a new life, which made him a friend of man and a servant of God. And he became the happiest of men.

Another person who brought home to me at an early age the conviction that prayer leads one along the road to security and happiness was Heber Keech of St. Charles, Idaho. Brother Keech used to ride horseback through the settlements of the Bear Lake Val-

ley visiting religion classes in the various wards. His faith-promoting stories always held us spellbound.

In one of them, which I have heard him tell several times, he related an experience while chopping a tree down in the canyon. He was sure, by all his knowledge as a woodsman, that his horses tied to his wagon some distance away, peacefully eating their hay, were safe, as he intended felling the tree directly away from them.

Yet, as his ax rang out in the crisp October air, he was suddenly seized

by an impression, which seemed as if it were a voice speaking to him, warning him to move his horses and wagon. At first, he tried to resist the warning, thinking it but a passing notion; but having knelt by his wagon to pray for safety and guidance, before leaving his home in the valley, he gave sober thought, and finally gave obedience to the prompting. Later, when the tree, having twisted unexpectedly on the stump, crashed down across the spot where his horses and wagon had been, he knew he had been saved from a disaster by his willingness to listen to the still small voice.

We all face perplexities and dangers almost daily, and not infrequently we feel inadequate within ourselves to cope with our problems. Still, by placing ourselves prayerfully in harmony with the spiritual forces around us, we may enjoy protection from danger, guidance in our daily affairs, and the calm faith that right triumphs.



—Religious News Service Photo



# The ESCAPE of MULEK

by Ariel L. Crowley, Ph.D.

ONE OF the points at which the biblical narrative touches the Book of Mormon narrative is the seizure and murder of the sons of Zedekiah, king of Judah. When Zedekiah and members of his household and staff fled by the Jericho Road at the end of the Chaldean siege, they were overtaken and carried to Riblah for a summary trial. After judgment, the Chaldean army "slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes."<sup>1\*</sup>

In the Book of Mormon account, one of the sons of Zedekiah escaped death, and was brought into the Western Hemisphere, where his name *Mulek* became attached to a people, a city, and a land.<sup>2</sup> It is more than possible that his name is rather a title than a proper name, being indistinguishable from the Hebrew *MLK* "a king."<sup>3</sup> The application of such a title to a sole surviving son of Zedekiah, who was thus heir apparent to the throne of Judah, appears perfectly consistent. In biblical and Book of Mormon names alike, the root *MLK*, a king, is a commonplace element.<sup>4</sup>

The reconciliation of the biblical account, implying extermination of the male royal line, with the Book of Mormon account of an escape by one son, requires a critical examination of the biblical language used, in the light of parallel biblical narratives, as well as an examination of the circumstantial evidence available, in and out of the Bible.

At the outset consideration must be given to the probable ages of the sons of Zedekiah. This king ascended the throne at twenty-one years of age<sup>5</sup> and perished at thirty-one in the eleventh year of his reign.<sup>6</sup> According to Jewish tradition, the number of his sons who were slain by the order of Nebuchadnezzar was ten.<sup>7</sup>

Assuming that Zedekiah married at the early age of eighteen, his eldest child could not have exceeded twelve or thirteen years of age at the time of his death. If ten of his sons were slain, and in the meantime he had a family of daughters, as is well attested,<sup>8</sup> then there is a high prob-

ability that Mulek was a mere infant at the time he escaped. This probability is strongly supported by the quite uniform habit of distinguishing between sons and male infants in biblical accounts. Examples are numerous.

Thus, Dathan and Abiram came out and stood in the doors of their tents "... and their wives, and their sons, and their little children."<sup>9</sup>

So also, Ittai, the Gittite, passed over the brook Kidron, "... and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him."<sup>10</sup>

In the temple arrangements set up by Hezekiah, the courses of the priests were set, among other things, according to "... the genealogy of all their little ones, their wives, and their sons, and their daughters."<sup>11</sup>

The order of Haman, in Esther, for the destruction of the Jews carried the directive to kill all the Jews "... both young and old, little children and women."<sup>12</sup>

Even the commandment given for the destruction of the Canaanite people under Moses made the same distinction. The Israelites were ordered to "... smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword" excepting "... the women, and the little ones, ..." <sup>13</sup>

This commandment gave rise to great wrath on the part of Moses when it was literally obeyed in the case of the Midianite invasion. It is said that the Israelites "... warred against the Midianites, as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males,"<sup>14</sup> whereas, in point of fact they spared "all the women ... and their little ones."<sup>15</sup> When Moses learned of this literal application of the law requiring the sparing of children, he issued a summary order, "Now therefore kill every male among the little ones."<sup>16</sup>

While instances might be multiplied, it seems thoroughly settled in the samples given that male babies

were not counted among the sons or men of Israel as such and were the subjects of a special immunity, along with women and girls.

Pursuing a rule of construction which has come to be a standard in modern law, that words once used in a particular sense are presumed to be used always in the same sense in the same document unless distinguished specially,<sup>17</sup> the word *sons* in the notices of the death of the sons of Zedekiah excludes "the little ones" on biblical precedent.

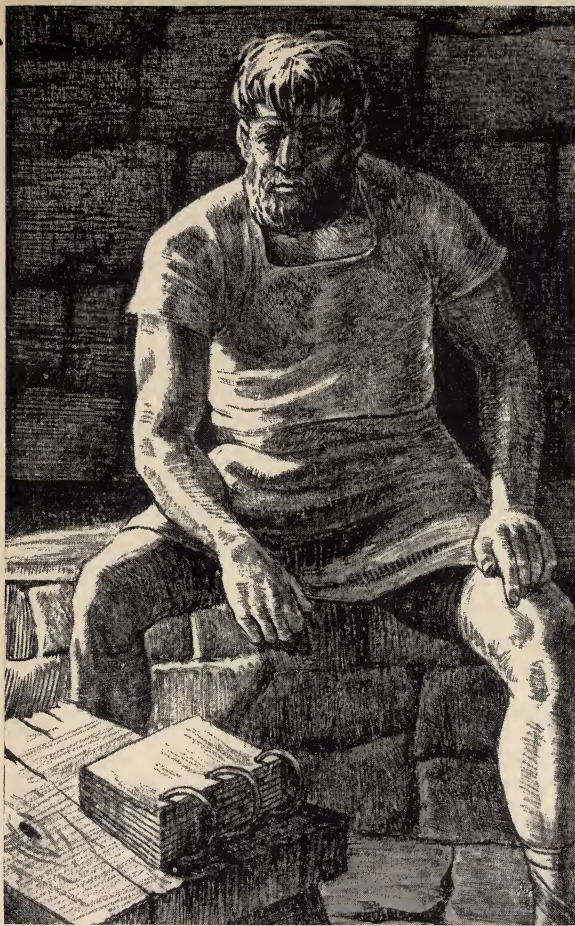
It is, moreover, a common thing in the Bible, for historians to use all-inclusive terms, without intending in the least either to mislead or to misrepresent the facts. Instances closely paralleling the case of the sons of Zedekiah are easily found.

In the case of the household of Ahaziah, the king, it is written that his mother Athaliah, "... arose and destroyed all the seed royal."<sup>18</sup> Athaliah herself thought that was exactly what she had done, and ruled for six years on that premise.<sup>19</sup> In point of fact a girl named Jehoshaba "... took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain."<sup>20</sup>

In connection with the same slaughter in which the sons of Zedekiah perished, Jeremiah declared that "... the king of Babylon slew all the nobles of Judah,"<sup>21</sup> yet the new governor, Gedaliah, was shortly thereafter murdered by Ishmael "of the seed royal"<sup>22</sup> who had escaped by hiding in Ammonite country during the siege.<sup>23</sup> With Ishmael were "the princes of the king."<sup>24</sup>

There is something grimly amusing in the accounts of the destruction of the Midianites and Amalekites. Excepting little girls, it appears that the Midianite people were utterly exterminated under Moses.<sup>25</sup> But

\*Numbers refer to bibliography at end of article.



"Biblical accounts tell of the seizure and murder of the sons of Zedekiah, king of Judah. In the Book of Mormon account, one of the sons of Zedekiah escaped death and came to the Western Hemisphere, where his name Mulek became attached to a people, a city, and a land."

some time later the Midianites rose up in such force that they overwhelmed Israel and kept them in misery for seven years.<sup>20</sup> Similarly, it is written that Saul reported to the prophet Samuel, saying that he had "... utterly destroyed the Amalekites,"<sup>27</sup> pursuant to a directive from Samuel requiring that Saul slay "... both man and woman, infant and suckling, ..."<sup>28</sup> Yet David,

the successor of Saul found it necessary to repeat the killing, and again "... left neither man nor woman alive."<sup>29</sup> Notwithstanding these two destructions, shortly afterward a group of four hundred Amalekites kidnapped two of David's wives,<sup>30</sup> in company with other Amalekites, and escaped on camels leaving many more Amalekites dead behind.<sup>31</sup>

Instances in which even the word

*all* must be construed to mean something less than totality are many. A few will suffice to demonstrate the point. According to the record at one time Solomon held an eight-day feast "... and all Israel with him."<sup>32</sup> Again, "... the king and all the children of Israel dedicated the house of the Lord."<sup>33</sup> In the very invasion at the time of Zedekiah, despite the record of many who escaped into Egypt,<sup>34</sup> it was recorded that young and old, "all" were given into the hand of the Chaldean invader.<sup>35</sup> And as a last example, at the death of Saul, "... all his house died together."<sup>36</sup> Of this passage, the celebrated commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, judged that this could mean that those who were with the king were cut off, nothing more.<sup>37</sup> It is apparent in all of the passages cited that the writers had no intention of denying that there were exceptions. "All" seems to have been used to mean "the bulk" or perhaps only "representatives of all."

It is at once apparent that where the word *all* is not used, the mere expression being "... they slew the sons of Zedekiah ..." the narrative is even weaker, and it is perfectly proper to reach the true sense by inferring "they slew the sons of Zedekiah who did not escape."

Having seen, therefore, that the existence of an exception in the escape of Mulek is within the proper sense of the record, it remains to be seen whether or not the mechanics of the escape are in any way indicated.

Little children, as nature has ordained, and more particularly among people of simple life, are universally the charge of their mothers and sisters. At the escape of Zedekiah from Jerusalem, his wives and daughters went with him. The historian Josephus details it thus: "When the city was taken about midnight, and the enemy's generals were entered into the temple, and when Zedekiah was sensible of it, he took his wives and his children, and his captains and friends, and with them fled out of the city through the fortified ditch, and through the desert."<sup>38</sup> When the pursuing soldiers caught up with the

(Concluded on following page)



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## THE ESCAPE OF MULEK

(Concluded from preceding page)

fugitives near Jericho, many of those who fled the city with Zedekiah "left him and dispersed themselves, some one way and some another, and every one resolved to save himself."<sup>40</sup> "So the enemy took Zedekiah alive when he was deserted by all but a few, with his children and his wives." Those who were, as Dr. Clarke said in his commentary on the passage, "most probably persons who belonged to the palace and harem of Zedekiah, some of them his own concubines and children."

The women, with whom, as before demonstrated, would be found the "little ones" were remanded into the custody of Nebuzar-adan, the Chaldean general, and by him turned over to Gedaliah as puppet governor.<sup>41</sup>

When Ishmael, kinsman of the dead king, treacherously killed Gedaliah, he carried away with him the daughters of Zedekiah, toward the land of the Ammonites,<sup>42</sup> with "all the residue of the people." Johanan followed quickly in pursuit, whereupon the people who had gone with Ishmael joined forces with Johanan, and it is written that "the mighty men of war, and the women and the children" fearing to return to Jerusalem, departed to go into Egypt.<sup>43</sup>

It is made eminently clear therefore, that whether with the women who were turned over to Nebuzar-adan, or behind in Jerusalem, or at Mizpah, the way was open for escape of Mulek. Indeed the narrative of the escape of the "women and children" among whom were the daughters of Zedekiah, furnishes a probable record of the way it was accomplished.

There is a strange and mysterious passage of scripture which is, by these happenings, and by the very implications of escape contained in the words *little ones* as including male children, for the first time made understandable:

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.<sup>44</sup>

The accomplishment of fulfillment of this prophecy through Mulek by way of the escape of the women of the house of Zedekiah is indicated in the Book of Mormon with clarity.

Thus, while but one son of Zedekiah is mentioned as having escaped, it is written in the plural form that "they," the "seed of Zedekiah are with us, and they were driven out of the land of Jerusalem," necessarily implying women, seed of Zedekiah, i.e., his daughters. That the "little one" became a thousand and a small one a strong nation is manifest from the fact that they were exceedingly numerous at the time Mosiah found them and brought about a union of countries.<sup>45</sup>

It will be seen by reference to the passage cited, wherein complete destruction of groups is first declared and then an exception recited, that the only distinguishing characteristic between the common biblical accounts and the account of the killing of the sons of Zedekiah is the absence of a record of the exception within the pages of the Bible. It is supplied for the first time in the Book of Mormon, which stands thus as a necessary link in the chain of records.

Properly read, therefore, the record in the words of Jeremiah and II Kings, as supplemented in Helaman, is this:

And the king of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes:  
All except it were Mulek.<sup>46</sup>

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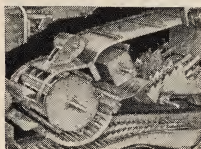
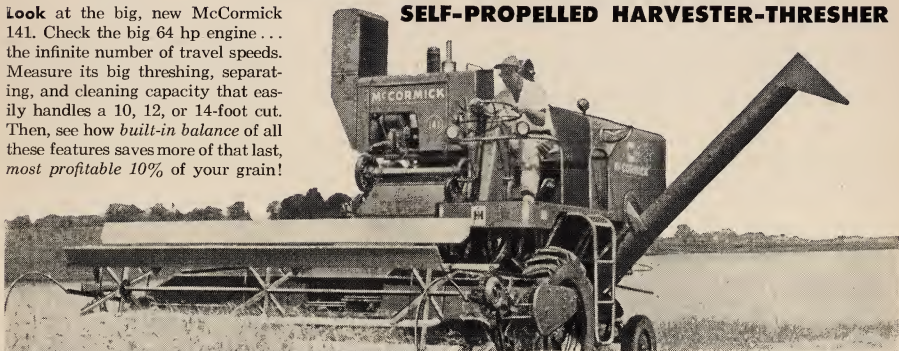
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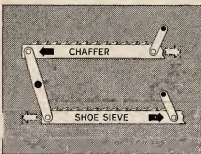
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## Happy Mother's Day, Sweetheart:

by Eileen Gibbons

To a little girl with freckles and pigtails a mother is a queen and a goddess. She moves about, automatically being where she needs to be for the little girl's every wish, and she sort of unwinds like a clock, every tick representing something wonderful. She knows all the stories in the world, more, in fact, than all the schoolteachers combined, the answers to a myriad of unanswerable questions, and is beautiful besides.

Nothing unhappy ever happens to her because she is a mother. Laughter or tears, love or hate—all these seem apart from the mother whom the little girl worships.

As she goes into her teens, the girl also goes from pigtails to curls, effortlessly and automatically, of course. Mother can do everything. The girl realizes that her mother can cook, sew, and work hard—qualities more human than those she knew in her mother a few years ago—and without pathos the girl lets her mother do them. After all, she is a mother. Mothers are still wonderful, and they can do everything.

But when a girl, through one experience, then another, begins to mature, she gradually realizes that her mother is a "person"; that she isn't an automatic, unwinding, transfigured angel, or a bodiless, partless, passionless goddess—she can even make a mistake. A mother!

Dear Mother—ever since I discovered that you were a "person," that you actually thought, lived, laughed, and loved like others, that you were me in a few years and your mother a few years ago, I have had to form a new concept of a mother. I have lived with the growing realization which has formed this new concept for years now.

Like a child who is delighted with the Church because of Primary parties and fun in Sunday School, I as a child and teen-ager was delighted with you. And just as a few experiences in life teach us what the Church is really about, a knowledge that thrills us deeply, I have begun to realize what a mother really is, and I am in awe. Mother now is far more wonderful, far more a goddess

and far more lovable as a human being than she was as something direct from the seventh heaven—because we expect miracles from the supernatural, but when humans perform them, that's something. And mothers do—every day! Think, Mother, of the millions of questions, tears, joys, and problems Mother is there to solve and understand.

Think of the many times in your life, Mother, the many times every day when your whole purpose has been helping the family, or friends, or the needy whom you don't even know. This purpose is your life, all your life.

For every washing, ironing, scrubbing, every sleepless night during sieges of mumps, rheumatic fever, and polio, every meal prepared, whether it is bread and gravy or steak, for every prayer you have offered in behalf of others, for every unselfish deed of your whole life, you shall have a star in your crown. And you shall have a crown.

Yes, you are a "person." You, like all of us, can have stomach aches, bad days and bad nights. But, Mother, my dear, may you have very few more in the next fifty years. I wish that God would give you today, sort of in advance, the rest from all trouble, care and sorrow which he promises to people like you in the scriptures. (Alma 40:11-12.) You are on the right track. You are a good mother—helpful and loving. You and Daddy have had a material struggle providing for us, and it is a spiritual struggle to keep our thoughts always in harmony with His. But it is worth while, and we can receive unbounded aid from Him.

You know, Mother, even as you know you are reading this, that He is there, he is mindful of you, loves you and will help you in all you do. You have known that for as long as you can remember. Experience has taught me that to seek God's help in doing my best and then worrying about things is just a lack of faith.

Dear Mother, will this do for a Mother's Day gift? I would like to have sent you so many wonderful things tied in pink ribbon—but all I had was blue ribbon.

Abundant love on another Mother's Day. May the days between now and the next one be joyous.

Love,

*Eileen*

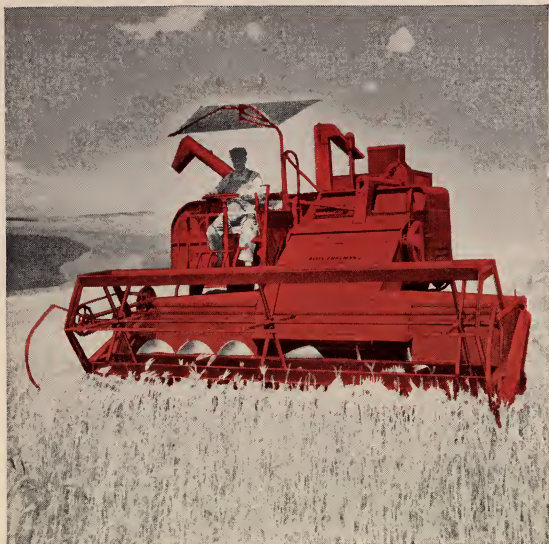
To a little girl, a mother  
is a queen and a goddess.  
—H. Armstrong Roberts photo



*Through the Eyes of Youth*



# roll through your harvest—**ON TIME**



## **SELF-PROPELLED MODEL 100** with "POWER-CRATER" WD-45 TRACTOR ENGINE

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Bin or Bagger Equipment Optional

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The self-propelled model 100 carries its weight low for sloping-land stability . . . is well-balanced for easy handling . . . has loads of power in the low-mounted WD-45 POWER-CRATER tractor engine.

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This year be ready at harvest time with your own ALL-CROP Harvester. See how quickly it pays for itself with the rewards of a *timely* harvest.

## **NEW "BIG-BIN" MODEL 66** **UNLOADS ON-THE-GO**

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complete with PTO attachment,  
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Big, new 25-bushel grain bin on the Model 66 unloads on-the-go . . . instantly controlled from the tractor seat. Empties faster, with new big-capacity auger and long, truck-high delivery spout.



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**ALL-CROP Harvesters**

# James Wotherspoon—Eagle Scout

by Victor Lindblad

SCOUT EXECUTIVE MT. DIABLO COUNCIL BSA

HENRY DRUMMOND once said, "The ultimate goal of the ethical process is the perfecting of human character. Consummation of happiness is a natural outcome of the perfecting of character, but the perfecting can be achieved only through struggle, through discipline, through resistance. It is for him that overcometh that the crown of life is reserved."

In perfecting our character as part of life's eternal plan, it calls for the best within us, even though we are in full possession of every physical sense and faculty. Ofttimes, however, we are prone to bemoan our lot and attribute our failures to circumstance or to parents or folk who somehow do not seem to understand and appreciate us.

Occasionally we are shocked from our complacency by the amazing accomplishment of some individual who has overcome a great physical handicap and achieved a marked measure of success in a given field and has

thus gained the first crown of life.

Jimmie Wotherspoon, a boy blind from birth, recently was awarded scouting's highest recognition, that of Eagle rank.

At the California School for the Blind in the presence of friends and prominent citizens and leaders of the Bay Area, Jimmie's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Baylor, pinned the Eagle badge upon Jimmie following the colorful and impressive investiture.

Officials present paid tribute to the indomitable courage, perseverance, dependability, and sterling character of this young man.

In response to the commendation and congratulations given him, Jimmie fervently thanked all those who had helped and encouraged him, particularly his scoutmaster, Mr. Budgen, the assistant scoutmaster, Mr. Hardeman, his bishop, W. B. Barton, and the superintendent of the California School for the Blind, Dr. Barthold Lowenfeld. He challenged the other blind Scouts of the troop to live up

to their capacity and to overcome every seeming obstacle and impossible task.

Jimmie explained how they could learn to identify birds in the field by their song, to learn flowers by touch, and many physical phenomena by sound.

He further challenged his brother Scouts:

A. To keep themselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight

B. To live by the code of the Scout oath and law

C. To think through their problems clearly and without prejudice

D. To respond to life's highest ideals and culture

E. To attain spiritual strength

F. To have faith in God and encourage others to worship

G. To develop their talents and make their own way in the world

H. To make full and constructive use of their time and opportunities

I. To help preserve the American way of life and the blessings they enjoy through the Bill of Rights

J. To have courage when things desired fail to materialize, to have poise and be calm when problems beset them, to have hope when disappointment dampens them, and when effort seems in vain to have the readiness and wisdom to begin all over again.

At the close of Jimmie's response, there was not a dry eye in the audience. It is conceivable that every individual present made a silent resolve never to complain again and to make life's adversities steppingstones to high character and worthy accomplishments.

Jimmie entered Troop 2 at the California School for the Blind, sponsored by the Lions Club of Berkeley, California, in 1945. Under the sympathetic leadership of Scoutmaster George Budgen, a holder of the Silver Beaver, and Assistant Scoutmaster Reed Hardeman, Jimmie made rapid progress.

(Concluded on page 332)  
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



James Wotherspoon receiving his Eagle badge from his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Baylor. Scout Executive Victor Lindblad is looking on.



# Progress Report



Your Gas Company, continuing its accelerated program during 1954, brought natural gas to more than 11,000 additional customers. This increased the total customers we serve as of January 1, 1955 to more than 115,000, of which about 114,000 are residential and small commercial users.

It is significant to observe that the average price of natural gas paid by our residential customers 25 years ago was 82 cents per thousand cubic feet as compared with 52 cents in 1954.

In its twenty-sixth year, Mountain Fuel Supply Company is steadily increasing its scope of operation in the Intermountain West.

Acceleration is occurring all along the line — in exploration, in number of wells drilled, in new construction, in increased taxes and payrolls, all of which contributes toward community and state advancement.


The Company's proved gas reserves are more than five times as great as the gas reserves in 1929 although since that time, the number of customers has increased more than six times. All residence requirements in the area have been met and in addition, the Company has supplied substantial amounts of gas to industrial users and others.

Ours is a long-range program, the ever-increasing objective of which is to continue to meet the needs of this fast-growing area.



## MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY

Serving 68 Utah and Wyoming Communities



## JAMES WOTHERSPOON—EAGLE SCOUT

(Concluded from page 330)

At the time Jimmie finished his second class requirements, he developed a heart ailment which restricted his activities. He was not allowed to engage in any work calling for physical exertion.

Through his indomitable will and courage, he overcame his heart ailment and continued his schoolwork and scouting advancement. He somehow found time to serve as patrol leader, senior patrol leader, junior assistant scoutmaster, and finally assistant scoutmaster.

Jimmie dreamed a great dream—to attain the rank of Eagle, to be an exemplary leader among his fellows and in the community, to study law, and to live his religion, and to magnify his priesthood calling.

This young man has the rare ability of deep concentration and seems to catch and remember all important things as he reads them or as they are told to him.

The part of the oath "To help other people at all times" is a living part of Jimmie's life. He patiently explains over and over again the things he has learned to those who are handicapped as he is through the loss of sight.

He is a member of the Balboa Ward, and Bishop W. B. Barton reports that Jimmie has advanced through the various callings of the priesthood, having served as president of the teachers' quorum and instructor in the priests' and elders' quorums. He is at present a Sunday School teacher and a teacher of the elders' quorum.

As a stake missionary, he has been instrumental in bringing the gospel to many people. Two recent converts, an army colonel and an instructor in swimming and life saving, pay high tribute to Jimmie's missionary efforts.

Even though he is an A student at the University of California, studying law, and an assistant scoutmaster in Troop 2 of Berkeley, he never misses his stake quorum meeting or his ward leadership meetings.

Both Bishop Barton and Scoutmaster Budgen attest to the tremendous positive influence exerted by Jimmie in the lives of the hundreds of young people with whom he associates.

He has developed his musical talents and plays the piano well, and sings in two ward choirs.

This dignified, unassuming, cul-

tured young man has brought honor and recognition to himself, his family, his leaders, his Scout troop, his Church, and his community.

### *"And Ye Shall Know the Truth..."*

*Richard L. Evans*

NOR TOO infrequently it would be well to turn our attention to Pilate's timeless question, "What is Truth?"—for on the answer hangs all we are or ever hope to be. On the answer hangs our health and happiness, our peace and purpose, and the very issues of life and death, the very meaning of time and eternity. (We can never be assured of health or happiness or peace or settled purpose, unless we face the facts, the truth, about ourselves, our very nature, and about the things we should or shouldn't partake of and the things we should or shouldn't do.) "What is truth?" It has been variously defined. Shakespeare said of it: "Truth is truth to the end of reckoning"—which is very like another definition that denotes truth as the absolute opposite of things changing and transitory: "... Truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come."<sup>2</sup> Of this we may be sure: Truth doesn't depend upon the theories and opinions of people. If men are in error, and if we follow them in their errors, that won't change truth. Socrates suggested this when he said: "If you will be persuaded by me, pay little attention to Socrates, but much more to the truth."<sup>3</sup> Some fear the truth. Some have reason to. Some suppose it to be dangerous, frightening, uncomfortable—and often it is. Truth is so dangerous it sometimes makes martyrs of men. And surely it is dangerous and fatal to falsehood. It is dangerous and disturbing to complacency, to lazy thinking. It is disturbing to minds that are too comfortably closed. And because it is dangerous and disturbing there are always some who would suppress it and some who would dispense it sparingly. But disturbing or not, we are faced with this fact: Truth is never so dangerous as falsehood, never so dangerous as error, never so dangerous as deceit, and not nearly so dangerous as ignorance is. Perhaps the most satisfying utterance of all time as to truth is this sentence from our Lord and Savior: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."<sup>4</sup> With this kind of counsel we cannot safely do other than seek the truth wherever it is, wherever it leads. Theories come and go. Popular opinions prevail for awhile. Fashions have their cycles, and conflicting ideas have their seasons of acceptance—but "the spirit of truth is of God"<sup>5</sup> and "abideth forever"<sup>6</sup> "and hath no end."<sup>7</sup> God help us to seek, to see, to say, to accept, to live by the truth, and find it wherever it is, and follow it where it takes us—for it is not nearly so dangerous as ignorance is.

*"The Spoken Word"* FROM TEMPLE SQUARE  
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING  
SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 27, 1955

Copyright, 1955

<sup>2</sup>Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, Act V.

<sup>3</sup>Id. & C. 93:24.

<sup>4</sup>Socrates; in Plato, *Phaedo*.

<sup>5</sup>John 8:32.

<sup>6</sup>Id. & C. 93:26; 1:39; 88:66.



# IT'S PERFORMANCE THAT COUNTS!

In his car CAPTAIN ROGER DON RAE uses FLITE-FUEL containing the Super Aviation fuel component Di-isopropyl!



"I fly one of the new Super-G Constellations for Trans World Airlines. Of course, I am familiar with Phillips 66 Aviation Gasoline because TWA uses it regularly. It's the Avgas with added Di-isopropyl.

"Now Phillips is putting Di-isopropyl in its automobile gasoline, too. New Phillips 66 FLITE-FUEL is the only automobile gasoline with added Di-isopropyl.

I use it regularly in my own car, and I always get wonderful performance."

*Roger Don Rae*

Captain Roger Don Rae  
Trans World Airlines



## Flite-Fuel

HIGHER OCTANE! New FLITE-FUEL is the only gasoline to which is added the super aviation fuel component Di-isopropyl. And today's FLITE-FUEL is better than ever. Both new FLITE-FUEL and new Phillips 66 Gasoline have been fortified for increased power, higher octane, longer mileage. Fill up at your Phillips 66 Dealer's.



In Driveway Service, too  
*It's Performance That Counts!*

**SEE YOUR PHILLIPS 66 DEALER!**





**"What a  
wonderful  
way to start  
the day!"  
says**

*Betty Crocker*

Switch to  
**WHEAT  
HEARTS**

the *hot* cereal recommended by

*Betty Crocker*

OF GENERAL MILLS



"If you're new to the West, here's something different you'll surely want to try," says Betty Crocker. "It's Wheat Hearts—a hot cereal with the most delightful creamy wheat-cereal taste. It's extra nourishing, too. And so easy to fix."

**6 TIMES RICHER.** Contains added wheat nutrients . . . enough to make it 6 times richer in vitamin B-1 than whole wheat itself. Wheat Hearts provides energy and vigor. Serve every day. It's Sperry good!

## "Keep Fit. Be a Man"

(Continued from page 305)

drinking was uncontrolled. His casual associations with women became intimate and wicked. His habit of satisfying whatever he lusted after ran wild. His conduct became more and more violent, and his standards sank lower and lower. Recently he had what is probably the most terrible experience a man could have in mortality: that of listening to a judge impose sentence upon him for having committed a murder. Thus, a man with everything in his favor became completely destroyed, in body and in soul, because of his inability to bridle his habits.

The most magnificent specimen of true manhood and virility that I have ever known is represented in the person of our own beloved President David O. McKay. The fruits of righteous living, of self-conquest, and of obedience to the eternal laws of health and well-being are represented in him. I thank my Heavenly Father for the noble example which he has set.

Occasionally I have visited the famous Hoover Dam, which controls the turbulent Colorado River. This is the highest dam in the world, and in some respects, the most remarkable feat of engineering ever devised by man's ingenuity. Its crest towers some 735 feet into the air, and its base is over 650 feet thick. The most impressive thing about the dam is its strength. This giant shield of reinforced concrete holds back over 32,000,000 acre-feet of water, which produces, at the base of the dam, a pressure of 45,000 pounds each square foot. Think of holding back 45,000 pounds of pressure on every square foot of surface. And yet the dam was built to withstand pressures at least twice that great, and more! This extra strength is known as the safety factor.

Every young man should build into his life a safety factor—he should be stronger than the worst thing that can happen to him, and then some.

Mr. A. Z. Conrad once said: "There is a hollow-eyed, dough-faced vacancy wherever men and women defy laws of health and vigor and give way to sensuality. The law of the harvest is inexorable. Nature's bill must be paid on demand. \* \* \*

(Concluded on page 336)  
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# this much **STILBESTROL** has to go a long way-*must be mixed just right!*



## and Purina's Exclusive **MICRO-MIXING** Process does this job!

Mixing  $\frac{1}{3}$  ounce of stilbestrol into *one ton* of cattle feed presents a big problem to most feed companies. But this kind of mixing is just routine for Purina's Micro-Mixing... and only Purina Chows are Micro-Mixed.

Just  $\frac{1}{3}$  ounce of stilbestrol in *one ton* of feed means it is added in the proportion of only 1 part to 90,800 parts. *Purina's Micro-Mixing process is accurate to the 1/10,000,000 part!* So you can rest assured when you feed Purina Steer Fatena or Beef Chow with stilbestrol that every bite is mixed just right.

And accurate mixing of stilbestrol is extremely important. You want each steer to get just the right amount every day he's on feed... so he'll produce maximum gains... so you can go to market with an even bunch of cattle. Too much stilbestrol in the steer's daily ration can prove toxic. So rely on Purina's Micro-Mixing process to mix and blend every bite just right.

Next time you're in town drop by your Purina Dealer's and ask him to tell you more about Purina Steer Fatena and Beef Chow with stilbestrol. *He's the only man in town who can supply you with Micro-Mixed Purina Chows.*

**YOUR PURINA DEALER HAS THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT STILBESTROL FEEDING.**

**Bank on Purina  
to Make Your  
Feed Dollars  
Count**



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# TRAVEL

- B. Y. U.
- AIR CRUISE
- TO
- LATIN AMERICA

Tour leaves August 1—returning September 2, 1955. Places visited—Cuba, Panama, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Puerto Rico. Tour cost \$1550. This includes transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc. Write or call 5-6552 or 5-5924 for trip folder.

## UNIVERSAL

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WITH AN  
ELECTRIC RANGE

## ELECTRIC COOKING

costs the  
average family  
only about  
9¢ a day



®

Be Modern  
**Live Electrically**

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

## "KEEP FIT. BE A MAN"

(Concluded from page 334)

of personal energy is limited and has to be accounted for. Waste it, and you cannot have it when the demand is greatest. Burn out brain and brawn for a time, and you are as sure to become a useless, slimy slacker as the sun is to rise and set. \* \* \* There is absolutely no greatness that is not

buttressed with goodness. Brace to the splendid day's work. Keep fit. Be a man."

May God help us—each of us—to be men; to play the game of life with all of our strength, and to preserve those ideals which constitute the very meaning of life itself, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

*"The morning breaks—  
the shadows flee..."*

*Richard L. Evans*

A SENTENCE recently read from an unknown author offers these words of wise and comforting counsel: "Do not distress yourself with dark imaginings: Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. . . ." No doubt most of us at times have turned our troubles over in the hours of the night, when sleep has fled from us. And in the dark hours of night troubles tend to be multiplied and magnified. If our loved ones are out and overdue, it isn't difficult to imagine dark and dire things—in the hours of the night. And then, finally, as they return, well and whole, the load is lifted, and likely we wonder that we so much feared and fretted. The shades of discouragement and despondency are darker and deeper in the hours of night, and small things loom large, and large things sometimes seem utterly insurmountable. In the restless hours of night it isn't difficult to imagine all manner of maladies and malignancies. Indeed, on a dark and sleepless night, with all its tossings and turnings, we could churn up many troubles inside ourselves. Job poignantly complained that "wearisome nights are appointed to me. [When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." But despite all real or imagined difficulty and discouragement that come with darkness, the dawn does come, and the load does lighten with the coming of daylight. Even when our worries are real, and even when they don't altogether disappear, the light of day tends to lift and lighten them. Thank God for light, for the dawning of each new day, for the reassuring brightness of the sun—for much of what darkens and disturbs us doesn't seem so darkly serious, so utterly insurmountable, in the daylight as it did at night. And because the darkness distorts, because it clouds and conceals, in darkness we should make no needless decisions and reach no needless conclusions, but wait to look at our problem in the light—wait for the natural waking hour, when, in the words of the hymn, "the morning breaks; the shadows flee."

*"The Spoken Word"* FROM TEMPLE SQUARE  
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING  
SYSTEM, MARCH 6, 1955  
Copyright, 1955

<sup>1</sup>Author Unknown.

<sup>2</sup>Job 7:3-4.

<sup>3</sup>From a hymn by Parley P. Pratt.



# Families agree on KSL-TV

The viewer is the number one consideration when planning the Channel 5 program schedule. KSL-TV is proud that, in the past season its programming has met such public approval in the Mountain West. Programming in the family interest will continue as KSL-TV's standard. It's important to have families agree on what they see—when it's on KSL-TV.

CLOVERLEAF  
THEATRE  
Tuesdays at 8:00 p.m.

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MEET CORLISS ARCHER  
Thursdays at 9:00 p.m.

SCIENCE FICTION  
THEATRE  
Thursdays at  
9:30 p.m.



*for the very best in family viewing*  
*Keep tuned to* **KSL-TV channel 5 CBS**

## ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BOOK OF MORMON

(Continued from page 319)

those two families of probably eight women, it was apparent that the infant mortality is terrifically high. The Lacadon Indians are a vanishing people. The late Dr. Morley stated that there are approximately two hundred of them,<sup>4</sup> but our careful inquiries led us to conclude that there are probably not more than one hundred.

Upon being invited into the Indians' small thatched houses, we observed that they had no bedding nor furniture; however, they did possess a few dishes and a grinder used for grinding corn. It appeared that the entire family would probably cuddle together at nighttime on a little straw mat which lay in the corner of the room. Their extreme poverty touched our hearts, and so we gave them all the small articles that were in our pockets and regretted that we hadn't more to give; for example, I gave a wooden clothespin to the woman the group called "Grandma." She seemed delighted and two days later was still holding it in her hand. We also gave them such items as pocket combs, pocketknives, pill bottles, soap, salt, flashlight batteries, a pistol, and several boxes of bullets. These primitive folk were as happy as children on Christmas morning.

While waiting for the men to return from hunting, Otto Done, using a minute camera, took photographs of the Indians. They beheld their own likeness with astonishment, each one exclaiming, "Who is this?" when shown his own likeness. This seemed to be a new experience for them.

Probably the one thing which impressed me most about the Lacadon Indians was the whiteness of their skin. One of the women actually had red hair, and her skin was as white as ours. José Petit, a man, also had red hair and white skin. The color of all the others whom we saw ranged from white to a slightly darker cast.

While visiting in Guatemala approximately three weeks before our trip to Bonampak, I was informed by an official guide that, generally speaking, the Quiché Maya Indians of Guatemala were nearly white and that there was another tribe of Indians—a primitive, wild people, living in the jungles of southern Mexico,

known as Lacadons—who were really white. When I received the foregoing information, I had no idea that I would have the privilege of associating for three days with the latter people, but suddenly and unexpectedly we found ourselves being entertained by them.

The Lacadon Indians are very small in stature: the men are approximately four and one-half feet to five feet tall and the women approximately six inches shorter. The majority of them have black hair. Both the men and the women part their hair in the middle, permitting it to grow long and fall loosely down their backs. They merely push it back from each side of their faces. Their hair has the appearance of seldom having been combed and rarely if ever having been washed, and so José Dávila gave the women a bar of soap and taught them how to wash their heads.

The clothing worn by both sexes is made of canvas, which appears to be the same type we use in making tents. Possibly these Indians inherited tents left in the jungles by chicle workers from which they made their clothing; but since the late Dr. Morley maintained that the Lacadon Indians did a certain amount of weaving of coarse cloth from a wild cotton which grows in the jungles, they could have actually woven this canvas-like cloth.<sup>5</sup>

Men, women, and children all wear similar clothing, their dresses fitting loosely and hanging from their shoulders nearly to their ankles. Since the men are practically beardless, it is difficult to distinguish them from the women; however, the men are slightly taller and larger.

Naturally, my experiences with these Indians caused me to recall the Book of Mormon account of the Nephites being "a white and delightful people."<sup>6</sup> Although the Lacadon Indians are quite white in color, it is evident that they have degenerated greatly from the cultural standards of their predecessors of Book of Mormon days.

We waited more than an hour for the men to return from hunting. Upon their arrival, the oldest one—father to the other men, announced

his name to be Nabor and that of his son to be Juan. They readily consented to guide us to the temple of the "painted walls" on condition that we wait while they ate.

When the meal was served, all of the family members took several turns drinking gruel, or thin cornmeal mush, out of a large bowl.

The food having been consumed, Otto, José, and I, accompanied by Nabor and Juan, our guides, headed along the jungle trail toward Bonampak. After hiking for approximately two hours' time, we suddenly came to another garden spot with two picturesque, thatched huts standing on the bank of a beautiful river. These were the homes of José Petit and family.

We requested this family to permit us to take their pictures; thereupon José Petit (the other white Indian with red hair previously mentioned), responded. One woman of this household refused to pose for the picture, saying, "No, I haven't a pretty dress." I wondered what made her have such fancy ideas, since her dress was made of canvas and appeared exactly like the dresses worn by the other Lacadon Indians. The following day upon inquiry we learned from Nabor that this Indian woman had been the wife of the late Carlos Frey, the American discoverer of Bonampak.

Approximately two years before our visit to Bonampak, Carlos Frey was guiding a group of Mexican artists to the temple of the "painted walls," beginning a second trip there. While they were crossing the river about a mile below José Petit's home, the boat capsized, drowning Mr. Frey and one of the Mexicans. They were buried approximately a mile downstream from José Petit's home.

Juan paddled us across the river in a boat which had been made by hollowing out a log. We then continued our journey along the jungle trail for another hour. Suddenly our Indian guides stopped and said, "We are going home. We are nearly to Obregon's home. He will guide you to Bonampak. We do not want to see him."

We had no more desire to see Obregon than did our Indian guides, and so we replied, "We have hired you, not Obregon, to take us to

(Continued on page 340)  
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

<sup>4</sup>Morley, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 405-406.

<sup>6</sup>2 Ne. 30:6.



# "Pint-size" refineries

help us  
keep gasoline  
prices low

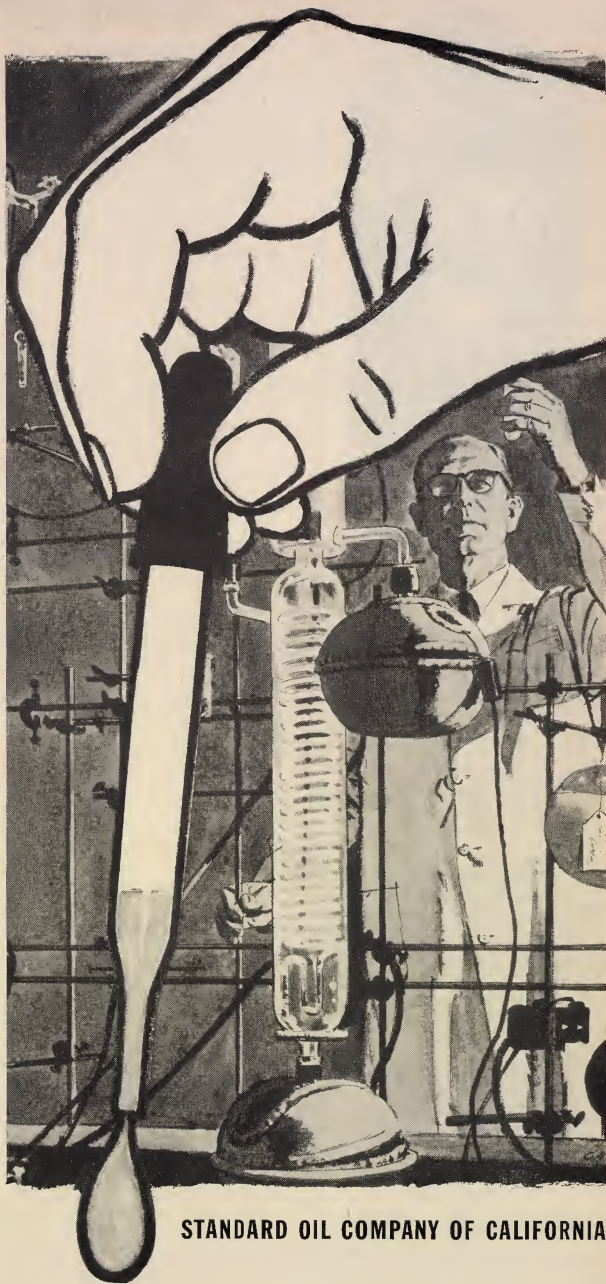
Folks who like a bargain don't have to look any farther than the gas tanks of their cars. For despite a steady increase in quality, gasoline prices have remained low—and Standard Oil Company of California's table-top refineries are one good reason why.

They are pint-size laboratory pilot plants that have enabled our scientists to develop cost-cutting manufacturing methods for each new gasoline before we produce it. With the aid of these rubber and glass forerunners of multi-million gallon refineries, we've worked with car manufacturers to perfect *balanced* gasolines designed to bring out more efficiency, economy from today's higher compression engines.

We've learned how to squeeze more gasoline from each barrel of crude; and—most important—we've found ways to manufacture increasingly better gas at consistently low prices. Today's gasoline, for example, is 50% better than motor fuels of 1925, yet costs just a few pennies more.

The combination of research and competition has held gasoline prices down so effectively that they've advanced only 17% (excluding taxes) since 1925 while general living costs have gone up 52%. So, even though Standard's pint-size refineries make gasoline by the drop, they have a powerful influence on your motoring... are one reason why Standard products give you a longer run for your money.

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## ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BOOK OF MORMON

(Continued from page 338)

Bonampak, and you must do it, otherwise you will receive no gifts."

We gave them a box of bullets and exerted much persuasion. Finally they consented to continue with us on condition that we would not permit Obregon to join our party. We as-

sured them that we would not; in fact, we were as definitely opposed to having him accompany us as they were.

Soon thereafter the trail came into a small opening in the jungle and there in front of us stood two thatched huts. Obregon—a naked fellow ex-



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*"The Spoken Word"*

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE  
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING  
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<sup>1</sup>Luke 15:4-6.



cept for his breechcloth—was lounging on the ground in the shade of a bowery. His dogs barked vigorously at our approach. Upon seeing us, Obregon immediately jumped to his feet and ran to meet us, throwing his arms around me and giving me a firm caress. A chill went up and down my spine as I recalled that this man was a murderer. I was much relieved when he withdrew his arms and I found that he had no knife in his hand. My desire was to get out of the company of this aggressive Indian as soon as possible. He asked, "Where are you going?"

We replied, "To Bonampak."

He answered, "I will go with you."

With firm determination, we replied, "No, you won't; you can't go." Then he inquired, "Why not?"

To that we replied, "Because we have engaged those Indians to go with us."

Still he insisted on coming along also; but we flatly told him that we did not want him—definitely he could not go with us to Bonampak. It took all of the persuasion we could muster to convince him. Finally he relented by inviting us to come to his home on our return journey and, "write our names and addresses in his big book." It was obvious that his principle purpose was to provide another opportunity to try to get some gifts from us, which in the preceding conversation we had refused to give him.

As quickly as we could get away from Obregon, we continued our journey toward Bonampak. When we were approximately a hiking hour's distance from our desired goal, darkness came. We attached our hammocks to some trees. We had brought no bedding, and so, wet and exhausted, we crawled into our hammocks hoping to get a good night's sleep. The intense tropical heat of the day was soon replaced by the chill of the night. A wind arose suddenly and blew through the dense foliage, making the weather very chilly. In fact, to our surprise shortly after we had climbed into our hammocks, we were lying there shivering.

Nabor and Juan built a small fire and cuddled by it throughout the entire night. Several times I had strong urges to join them, but resisted, and lay in the hammock all night uncomfortably cold and most of the time wide-awake.

(Continued on following page)

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## Archaeology and the Book of Mormon

(Continued from preceding page)

Now and then during the long and dreary night the thought crowded itself into my mind: "What foolish men we are—both of those Indians have guns, and we are lying in these hammocks completely defenseless. They could easily shoot us at any moment, take our goods, and nobody would know where we had gone." Then I would push those disagreeable thoughts aside by reassuring myself that the Lord would protect us, which I acknowledge he did.

Another factor uncommon to us in sleeping in the jungles was the variety of weird sounds that continuously filled the air. Now and then a limb would fall from a tree and crash on the ground. Wild monkeys chattered, scolded at each other, and screamed; and a numerous variety of birds made diverse sounds according to their natures. Also, the thoughts of jaguars, snakes, spiders, and other inhabitants of the jungles were irritating factors in disturbing our night's rest. That was one of the longest and most disagreeable nights that I have ever spent. We were happy when morning came and we could continue our journey to Bonampak.

We finally arrived at the temple of "painted walls," which will be described in the next article. Our thrill surpassed description. We took photographs of the paintings of the dark and light colored people, and then hiked back to the Indian's homes, arriving at 3:30 in the afternoon.

It had been reported to us that the distance from the airplane landing strip to Bonampak and back was only thirty miles. After making the trip, and judging from our experiences and the way we felt, we concluded that one cipher had been omitted—making the distance "300" miles. If anyone doubts this statement, he is at liberty to make a similar trip and thereby verify or disprove our conclusions.

Upon arriving at the Indians' homes, naturally our first concern was food, since our rations had been limited to two small sausages each during that and part of the previous day. We immediately asked the Indian women to prepare us some food.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



In response, one of them brought us three eggs. José Dávila asked, "Cooked or raw?"

She replied, "Raw."

He then suggested, "Go back and cook them."

She immediately did so, and shortly thereafter returned not only with the three eggs but also with some tortillas. I gladly took the boiled egg, but upon looking at those Indian women, I remarked, "No, I don't care for any tortillas." But my stomach didn't believe the words my mouth had spoken, and so I reversed my decision, saying, "I will take one." I ate it and concluded that it was the most delicious morsel of food that I had ever tasted. Then I said, "I will be happy to take another," and it was as delicious as the first. After this the Indian women provided bananas for dessert.

Since we were not to meet the plane at the airstrip until ten o'clock the following morning, the Lacadon Indians insisted on our staying at their home that night, promising that they would guide us to the airstrip the following morning. They generously offered us, as a place to hang our hammocks that night, an open-air, thatched roofed shed which stood on the side of the river opposite to their homes.

Darkness came, and we crawled into our hammocks. By 10:00 p.m. we were again lying there shaking and shivering, as we had done the previous night. José got out of his hammock and built fires to keep us warm. Thereafter throughout the night we took turns keeping the fires burning, and so we were wiser than we had been the previous night.

About 6:00 a.m. we arose and, accompanied by Nabor and Juan, their wives, the two Indian boys, and all the dogs, headed for the airstrip. Approximately three hours later we arrived, observing that we were thirty minutes ahead of the appointed time. Our aviator, however, was four hours late. He blamed his tardiness on the fact that he didn't expect us to be there, thinking that surely we would be lost in the jungle.

Otto, José, and I are happy to have seen the "painted walls," which gave us additional confirmation of the Book of Mormon claims of dark- and light-colored peoples having lived in ancient America.

(To be continued)

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## "...publish it upon the mountains"

(Continued from page 311)  
pointing to the deep-seated and true regard the Prophet had for his benefactor.

It must have been a bitter blow, indeed, to Joseph Smith, when Martin Harris joined the Prophet's enemies in attempts to discredit his divine mission and overthrow the Church.

In later life however, when Martin, in deep humility, was reunited with the Church, his esteem for the Prophet knew no bounds. As he lay upon his deathbed, after bearing his final testimony—that he did see the angel, that he did see the plates, that he did hear the voice of God—Martin Harris gave utterance to his last words spoken upon the earth: "And I do know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God, holding the keys of the Holy Priesthood."<sup>14</sup>

MARTIN HARRIS was intensely human, jealous of Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and others whom he saw placed in positions of trust ahead of him. He was envious; he considered himself Joseph's "right-hand man," to use one of our own expressions; he felt hurt and frustrated when not chosen to positions of leadership, to which he felt he was entitled. The dissension of Martin Harris became so pronounced that he was dropped from the Kirtland high council September 3, 1837.<sup>15</sup>

Shortly after the martyrdom of the Prophet, one J. J. Strang claimed to be Joseph's rightful successor, and in support of his claim exhibited a letter purportedly written by Joseph Smith choosing Strang as his successor. Mr. Strang was a man of commanding appearance and persuasive eloquence and attracted quite a following among the discontented Saints. For a time Martin Harris came under the influence of this man. He undertook a mission to England for the avowed purpose of opposing the elders laboring there. But Martin Harris however, soon realized his error and hastily returned to the United States before doing any harm, as Andrew Jensen has expressed, except perhaps, to himself.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>14</sup>"The Passing of Martin Harris," by William Harrison Homer, *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, (Salt Lake City, 1926), 29-472.

<sup>15</sup>D. H. C., op. cit., II:510.

<sup>16</sup>Andrew Jensen, *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia* (Salt Lake City 1901), I:272.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Mr. Strang's attempt to establish himself in a position of leadership in the Church proved to be an abortive effort and was doomed to failure. He met with a tragic ending, when he was shot and killed by one of his followers.

David Whitmer was deeply angered when the Saints at Far West, in a general assembly held on February 4, 1838, refused to sustain the stake presidency—David Whitmer, W. W. Phelps, and John Whitmer. Another grievance of Whitmer's was that Joseph Smith had altered the original charter of the Church and changed the name from the "Church of Jesus Christ" by adding thereto the words "of Latter-day Saints." David Whitmer was dubious concerning the authenticity of the more recent revelations, saying he was not sure whether they were being received by the Prophet or dictated by Sidney Rigdon. Whitmer was cited formally to appear before the high council on April 13, 1838, to answer charges which had been preferred against him. When he refused to appear, he was excommunicated.<sup>17</sup>

The designation *The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* was given by a revelation through Joseph Smith at Far West, Missouri, April 26, 1838, addressed to the presiding officers of the Church and reads as follows:

For thus shall my church be called in the last days, even The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (D. & C. 115:4.)

Martin Harris rejected the spiritual leadership of Brigham Young and in later years harbored a personal resentment against him. He felt that President Young was instrumental in causing Caroline, Martin's second wife, to leave him and go to Utah, a grievance more imaginary than real.

Martin Harris separated from his first wife, Lucy, in 1829 or 1830. The exact date has not been found on record. However, early writers state that they were divorced.<sup>18</sup> Lucy did not move to Kirtland when Martin settled there in 1831, after his mission to Missouri with the Prophet. Martin did not re-marry until 1837, the year after Lucy's death in Palmyra.

He then took to wife in Kirtland an attractive girl thirty-three years

(Continued on following page)

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<sup>17</sup>Joseph Fielding Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 208-209.

<sup>18</sup>Preston Nibley, *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon* (Salt Lake City 1953), p. 111.



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**"...publish it upon  
the mountains"**

*(Continued from preceding page)*

younger than himself, a niece of Brigham Young, Caroline Young, daughter of John Young. Temporarily Martin prospered at this time. Their home in Kirtland was more than comfortably appointed. Here they lived together nineteen years during the period of discord, persecution, and apostasy that marked the Kirtland era in Church history, and here four of their children were born.

Children of Caroline and Martin Harris:

Martin, Jr., born January 28, 1838, Kirtland—died September 27, 1913; Julia Lacothe, born April 29, 1842, Kirtland—died February 6, 1869; John Wheeler, born July 1, 1845, Kirtland—died 1916; Solomon Webster, December 1, 1854, Kirtland—died March 3, 1919; Ida Mae, born May 27, 1856, Iowa—died December 24, 1918.

Caroline was a staunch Latter-day Saint. In desperation, after years of divided loyalties, partly caused by Martin's disaffection with the Church, she made the decision to leave him and departed with her children for Utah. Ida Mae was born in Iowa after the start of the westward journey. Finally, on September 1, 1859, more than three years after leaving Kirtland, Caroline and her five children arrived in Salt Lake City and were welcomed into her father's home.

*(To be continued)*

## **Mother of the Year**

*(Continued from page 322)*

he had finished his mission. Jeanie, she said, wanted to be a kindergarten teacher and Davy and Judy were too young to know what they wanted to do."

When Miss Ungar asked for her formula for raising children she said: "I'm afraid I haven't any." She pondered a moment as she separated the twins who were fighting over a dilapidated teddy bear. Then as she gave them each a fresh toy, she said, "I just sort of let them go along as they naturally want to as long as they're not doing any harm to them-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



selves or anybody else,' then with a glance at the babies now happy with what she had given them, she laughed, 'unless they all want the teddy bear at the same time; then I have to take a hand. Keeping them busy and happy are the two things I've always been most anxious about. I believe when folks are busy and happy, there isn't much to worry about.'

Nancy put the paper down, thoughtfully. She had seen to it that her children were busy—but had they been happy? Had she made them too conscious of standards, goals, habits? Had she made them too independent of her?

The door opened, and Jim came in. He dropped his books on the couch with a tired sigh. Then as she looked up at him, he gathered the books up quickly. "I'm sorry, Mother." It had been an unbreakable rule that the living room must always be in order—ready for callers or committee meetings. Suddenly Nancy knew it had never been a living room.

"That's all right Jim. Let them be. You look tired." But he was on his way to his room.

"How was school?" She wanted desperately to break the reserve between them.

"Not so good. I'm afraid I flunked the test in zoo. I can't swallow the stuff, and it's a pre-req. for that eugenics you want me to major in. Guess I'll have to get one of the smart guys to tutor me." He went into his room and closed the door. Nancy sat staring after him.

Smart guys—with his IQ. Had she had a right to urge him into the field of her interest? Certainly Jim was not happy.

She thought of the other children. Had they been happy? Suddenly she felt that they were all more than miles away from her. Why hadn't Richard taken that job the home university offered him? The president had said he regretted that Richard felt he shouldn't change the environment of his children during their formative years. Could it be he feared she would try to dominate them? And Kathie's Fred—why were they sending him to the state university in another city—rather than to their own alma mater—to the care of his grandmother? A wave of self-accusation swept over her.

She went to her room. The sight of her paper "Essential Factors in the

(Continued on following page)



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## MOTHER OF THE YEAR

(Continued from preceding page)

Improvement of the Race," seemed to mock her.

She heard Jim's door open.

"Jimmy, I'll have dinner ready right away," she called.

"I'm not hungry. I'm going out for awhile. Don't bother about me for dinner. You're busy with your article. I may drop in at Jeanie's. They'll be having a snack." He went out the back door.

Nancy sank into a chair and buried her face in her arms. She wept as she had not wept for years. She had wanted more than anything else in the world to help the children become what their father would have helped them to be. Had she robbed them and herself of life's greatest blessings? She envied Susan Barker. She longed for happiness, for companionship with her loved ones.

When she was exhausted from weeping, she bathed her face and tried to read. But she was too overwrought with remorse and misgivings. If only it were not too late to recover what she had neglected. Finally she sat at her desk and wrote a long, intimate letter to each of her absent children. She knew they would be surprised at the new warmth and concern, but she felt sure they would understand and would respond. She

felt a new peace and was preparing for bed when she heard Jim come whistling up the walk. The sound was sweet. She knew to reach Jim would be easier than she had dared to hope.

He called, "Mother, you still up?" and burst into her room. There was a warmth in his voice she had not heard for months. He had the *Evening Express* in his hands. His face was beaming.

"Mother, why didn't you tell me! This is great—Mother of the Year! You and Jeanie's mother! Gosh, but we're the proud kids!" He dropped the paper and put his arms around her. "I'm sorry I've been such a heel lately—you trying to make something of me, and me—"

"Don't Jimmy!" she studied his eager young face. "You're in love with Jeanie Barker—and I'm glad. I hope she'll be the kind of woman, the kind of mother her mother is."

Holding her close he began to laugh.

"That's funny! She—ever since I've known her—Mother, Jeanie wants to be just like you!"

A sweet peace stole over Nancy. Mother of the year! That didn't matter. What did matter was this new something she had found.

## UNLOCKING THE DOORS TO OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from page 309)

My aunt had gathered her wealth of data among references she had read and researched in Freeman's *History of Cape Cod*, volume 1, page 65., Michael's *History of Bridgewater, Bass Family History*, volume 51, 52 and 54 of the *New England Register—Mayflower Descendants. History of the Adams Family, New England Register*, volume 86 and 87.

In mother's pedigree one grandparent was an aunt of John Quincy Adams, President of the United States.

I followed every "twig" of one branch since this connected the famous William Shakespeare to my family tree, through John and Priscilla Alden's granddaughter Ruth Bass, whose husband was Peter Webb.

Peter Webb's father, Christopher Webb, was born about 1630, and Christopher's parents were Humility and Christopher Webb—I. Back-

tracking, history gives his father as Alexander Webb, Jr., and Alexander Webb, Sr., married Margaret Arden. Here the name is intermingled, for Alexander Webb, Sr.'s father also married Grace Arden. They were from Warwick, England. Grace was the first person to be buried in Windsor, Connecticut. She died December 3, 1639.

The last name I recorded in my own pedigree loose-leaf book was the family of Greswold. Radolphus (Latin form for Ralph) Greswold was born about 1300. Later the name was spelled Ralph Greswold. This name went back to John Greswold of Kenilworth, Warwick, England. He was born in 1200, and he married a daughter of William Huggerford of Huggerford Hall in England. Her birth is recorded in 1100.

Aunt Mattie unlocked the genealogy doors to opportunity for me to find hidden "buds" in names and

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



history that since have blossomed on our family tree branches. Genealogy is found in old letters, Bibles, diaries, church registers, tombstones, and history books.

## That Friendly Touch

(Concluded from page 294)

you write one letter and have several letters to read. In a way it is general, but so is a group of friends invited to your home. Confidential matters may be taken up in personal letters, while the "round robin" keeps one in touch on general subjects.

Before the evening is up, I check my birthday and anniversary book for special dates coming up. I address the proper cards and date them when they should go into the mail and put them in a file on the desk. It takes no time in the mornings afterwards to riffle through them and to send the cards out that should go.

At the same time, I make out the shopping list relative to the above, adding to it the specialized gifts that are to be purchased. Right now, my memo pad has the following notations: Wedding gift for Bruce and Alice, check with jeweler for silver pattern—Shower gift for Anne, something for the kitchen—Baby shower gift for Ruth—Birthday present for Jackie Arnold—Sue Ellen invited to party—Mother and Dad Armstrong's anniversary gift.

Next comes the checking over of scribbled notations of friends ill or who have lost a member of the family. To them go convalescent cards and messages of condolence.

How often do I have a "Friends' Night"? There is no set time, no set number. Whenever I want to call in my friends for a friendly visit, I have a Friends' Night.

Why not give it a try? Oh, here comes the mailman. Wait. Yes, there is a big, thick letter. One of the "round robins" has come. Now I'll hear if June's oldest daughter has recovered from the mumps, and if Sara's oldest son is engaged to the girl he met in college.

So, keep that friendly touch.

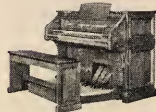
MAY 1955

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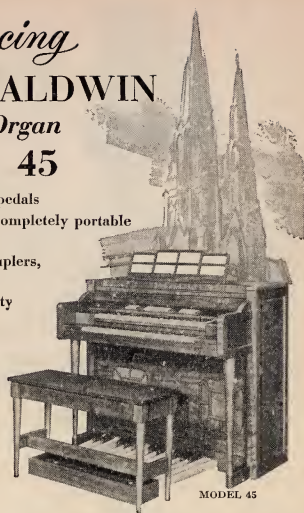
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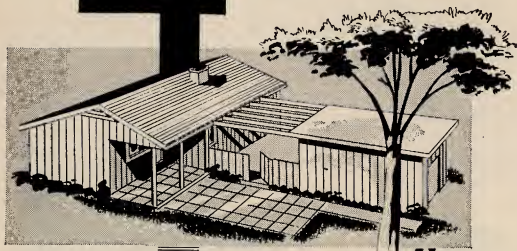
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4

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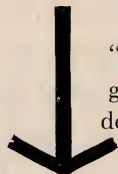
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### Letter to a Missionary

(Continued from page 315)

communication, the wonders began at the same time. (The pioneer railroad ran in the United States seven years after the angel's visit. Photography, as we know it today, was being developed, and chloroform was first used in that same period.)

If you object to these things being called wonders, you should read a short article in *Reader's Digest*, June 1952, page 69, entitled, "I Wonder—Do You?" The author chastises the public for taking all these great and wonderful inventions for granted, or as he says, "vulgarizing them." Let's quote one sentence: "There certainly has been a rapid series of inventions, and, in one sense, the activity is marvelous and the rapidity might well look like magic. But it has been a rapidity in things going stale, a rush downhill to the flat and dreary world of prosaic; a haste of marvelous things to lose their marvelous character; a deluge of wonders to destroy wonder." And in summing up he uses this sentence, "I am not objecting to the statement that the science of the modern world is *wonderful*; I am only objecting to the modern world which it does not *wonder* at it [more]." (Italics added.)

In the *Reader's Digest* condensation of *Garet Garrett's* book, *The Wild Wheel*, in the May 1952 magazine, page 164, Mr. Ford answered the question, "Where do ideas come from?" I'll quote two paragraphs:

"There was something like a saucer on the desk in front of [Mr. Ford]. He flipped it upside down; tapped the bottom with his fingers and said, 'You know that atmospheric pressure is hitting this object at 14 pounds per square inch. You can't see it or feel it, but you know it is happening. It's like that with ideas. The air is full of them. They are hitting you on the head. You don't have to think about it too much. You only have to know what you want, then forget about it and go about your business. Suddenly the idea you want will come through. It was there all the time.'

"One day I saw this at work. At lunch, Ford was talking to William J. Cameron and me, when his tall body stiffened, the expression on his face, which had been lively, changed to that of a sleepwalker, and he said

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



to no one in particular, 'Ah-h! I am not really thinking about that at all.'

"With no other word, he rose and walked rapidly away. An idea he had been wanting had come through, and he had gone to do something about it. Cameron said, 'That happens often. We may not see him again for a week.'"

Yes, Edgar, Mr. Ford was right. Ideas are everywhere because in 1823 God began pouring out his Spirit upon all flesh and caused men to "Dream dreams and see visions," and as a result these great wonders have come upon the earth. And running true to form, God did not start pouring out his Spirit until he had first revealed the fact that he was going to do so unto his servant the Prophet.

Oh, Edgar! Come back. You were a good missionary, and I believe you are a good man now only you've grown so cold and numb because of inactivity. Clean yourself up and warm up your spiritual blood by activity in your priesthood quorum, the welfare program, and other services, and by living the standards of the Church. If you'll do this, you can get that old thrill back you once knew as a missionary—even a greater thrill. And then the Holy Spirit can and will manifest the truth of Joseph Smith's divine calling to you more convincingly than all of the circumstantial evidence combined. Don't trade your birthright for a few little two-bit thrills derived from the things of this world. What can be gleaned from obtaining the honors of men? They only last a few years at best, whereas our heavenly Father has in store for us thrills a hundred times more soul-satisfying which will last forever and ever.

I loved you as a missionary companion, and I love you now or I would not be writing as I am.

God bless you, and as President Callis used to close his letters to us,

I remain your brother in the gospel,  
Rulon Killian.

#### SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

By Virgil B. Smith

MAN, do you know a child

Or still remember youth—

Its hope, its awful thirst for truth?

And, knowing, would you darken skies

To unwinning, eager eyes?

Or do you know yourself? You're near,

But not so close as some

You would hold back. I search—

My kingdom waits—for men as dear.

MAY 1955

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# Melchizedek

## Statement of Policy Regarding Seventies

TO ALL STAKE PRESIDENCIES

Dear Brethren:

Recent developments in relation to the work of the seventies of the Church have indicated to the members of the First Council of the Seventy the advisability of again setting forth certain policies which now maintain.

### ORGANIZATION OF UNITS

It has recently been decided that in stakes which do not have enough seventies to operate a quorum with a majority there will be organized a unit of seventies. This organization will not be given a number but will be called the "Unit of Seventies" of ..... stake. Under the present policy, in any stake where there is a quorum there will not be organized a unit nor will there be organized more than one unit in any stake.

### OFFICERS OF UNITS

To direct this unit, there will be appointed a chairman and two counselors. These officers are to be recommended to the First Council by the stake president. After being approved by the First Council, they may be set apart by the president of the stake.

### ORGANIZATION AND MAINTENANCE OF QUORUMS

A quorum, instead of a unit, will be organized in all stakes which have enough seventies for a working majority.

In cases where existing quorums fall below a majority with no reasonable prospects of building up the membership numerically, if there be two or more quorums in the stake, such combinations and readjustments as conditions warrant will be made; and if it be that there is but one quorum of insufficient members, the quorum as such will be disorganized,

a unit status established, and the quorum number discontinued.

### CHANGES IN PRESIDENCIES

All changes in the presidencies of seventies' quorums and in the chairmanships of units must have the approval of the First Council of the Seventy. This means that presidents of quorums and chairmen of units cannot be released from office nor ordained high priests without the authorization of the First Council or of one of the duly authorized General Authorities who may be operating on the ground.

This policy does not apply to seventies who are not presidents or chairmen. A change has been made from the procedure set forth in the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*. The present policy permits stake presidents to ordain to the office of high priest members of seventies' quorums or units without first referring the matter to the First Council of the Seventy.

### ADDITION OF NEW MEMBERS

When a quorum or unit may have need of new members, the presidency of the quorum or chairman of the unit may make requests of the stake presidents for such elders as they may like to have ordained seventies. It remains for the president of the stake to determine whether or not he may care to accept their recommendations and process the brethren for ordination.

### PROCEDURES IN RECOMMENDING AND ORDAINING SEVENTIES

The steps to be taken in recommending and ordaining seventies are as follows:

*First:* The stake president will fill out "Form C Revised," giving the name and status of each brother he would like to interview with the purpose of having him ordained to the office of seventy. This he will send

to the First Council of the Seventy. Since this is merely a "Request for Permission to Interview" the brethren, under consideration, are not to learn at this time that they are being considered for the office of seventy.

*Second:* Upon receipt of this request, the First Council will study the conditions of the men as well as the conditions of the quorums affected and approve the interview of such men as it may feel should be added to such quorums.

*Third:* After receiving this permission, the stake president or one of his counselors will interview individually each of the men approved for interview by the First Council of the Seventy, having him fill out the form "Recommendation for Ordination in the Priesthood." If satisfied with the interview, having found the prospective seventy completely worthy, the stake president will present his name to the members of the high council for their consideration and approval; but if the candidate fails to qualify for the office and calling of the seventy, the stake president will withhold further processing of the recommendation and make a conscientious effort to qualify, as to worthiness, the brother concerned.

*Fourth:* After the high council's approval has been obtained for the ordination, both the bishop of the brother's ward and his elders' quorum president will be asked to certify as to his worthiness. It should be understood, however, that this is not a recommendation for ordination from the bishop and elders' quorum president but merely a certification of the man's worthiness.

*Fifth:* When all of the above steps have been taken and the brother under consideration has been found to be completely worthy to become a seventy, the matter will be presented to the stake priesthood meeting for final consideration before submission of the recommend again to the First Council of the Seventy. Priesthood leadership meetings are not qualified to give this approval; therefore, when it is not possible to present the matter to the stake priesthood meeting, it may be presented to one of the general sessions of stake quarterly con-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



# Priesthood

ferences. This body constitutes a general meeting of the priesthood of the stake.

Sixth: All of the foregoing procedure having been accomplished, the recommendation forms will be sent to the First Council of the Seventy, who, if satisfied with the recommendation, will arrange for final interview and ordination by one of the General Authorities who may be qualified to do that work.

It is preferable to follow the foregoing procedure; however, if there should not be sufficient time to mail these forms to the First Council, they may be presented to a member of the Council of the Twelve, to a member of the First Council of the Seventy, or to an Assistant to the Twelve, who may be visiting the stake for the quarterly conference. Any of these brethren are authorized to take care of the interviews and ordinations of prospective seventies.

## CONDITIONS NECESSARY FOR RECOMMENDATIONS OF BRETHREN TO BECOME SEVENTIES

Great care should be exercised in the interviews referred to above to determine that the candidate be morally clean and worthy; that he be in harmony with the policies, doctrines, and practices of the Church and not running counter thereto in sympathy or practice; that he pay his tithes and offerings to the Lord in full; that he observes the Word of Wisdom; that his family life be exemplary; and, if he has had a divorce, that he receive proper clearance from the First Presidency of the Church.

## PREPARATORY EXPERIENCES NECESSARY

We think the elders should not be ordained to the office of seventy until they have gained a considerable degree of experience as elders, having matured somewhat in the gospel, and having become stable members of the Church.

We apply this principle in considering young men called to serve as missionaries with the result that nearly all of the younger men are now going into the mission field as elders.

MAY 1955

Great concern is felt for the well-being of the quorums of elders, and we have thought it unwise to ordain too large a proportion of the outstanding and worthy elders into the quorums of seventy for fear of unduly weakening the elders' quorums.

We have thought that in the main after returning from their various fields of labor, young returned missionaries should affiliate with the elders in their respective wards in order to add their strength to them, and also, because of age, social, and fraternal considerations, gain for themselves more opportunities for service and brotherhood in priesthood activities.

## CALLING OF THE SEVENTY A SPECIAL ONE

We believe that the calling of the seventy is a special one, and that those so called should be, in fact, as the revelation states, "especial witnesses of the name of Christ," and that they should have the desires, aptitudes, and inclinations for missionary work.

We do not believe, however, that every elder who may be ordained to the office of seventy must be called immediately into missionary service. We think that there should be a large reserve of brethren in training for missionary work, and that it is the function of the quorums of seventy to prepare their members for such service.

There is no justification for the feeling that the seventies are intermediate between the elders and the high priests. They hold a highly specialized office, "... thus differing from other officers in the church in the duties of their calling."

We would like to see the seventies in the stakes of Zion used more and more within the field of their primary responsibility—that is, in missionary service; thus, seventies should not be used in auxiliary capacities when they may be needed for missionary service.

This would mean that worthy seventies who, because of age, physical condition, or for other reason,

can no longer be expected to do missionary work, should properly be ordained high priests if their personal worthiness merits it.

## RELATION TO BISHOPS

We have had considerable concern over the years at a situation which has grown up—almost exclusively in Salt Lake City and Ogden areas—wherein a quorum of seventy is located within a single ward. It has been our observation that under such circumstances bishops sometimes assume control which, because of its being a Melchizedek Priesthood quorum, is unjustified. On the other hand, we have observed that where several ward-areas are in one quorum jurisdiction it is easier to keep the spirit and purpose of the seventy alive and maintain a proper relationship between the bishop and the quorum. This is a goal towards which we are working.

## FACTORS CONSIDERED IN BUILDING UP QUORUMS OF SEVENTIES

Factors which should be carefully considered by stake presidencies as well as by the First Council of the Seventy in determining the needs of building up or increasing quorums of seventies in the various stakes include the following: stake population; total number of elders in the stake; number of elders who pay a full tithing and are otherwise worthy to be ordained seventies; the prospective missionary field, the number in the minority groups with whom missionary work can be done; the geographical area of the stake; whether the stake membership is increasing; the leadership available for use as presidents of the quorums; the effect that the creation of a new quorum or the continuance of an existing one would have on the quorums of elders; the number of brethren in the existing quorums of seventy; and any special circumstances that might prevail in the stake concerned.

Respectfully submitted

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

By /s/ Levi Edgar Young

<sup>1</sup>D. & C. 107:25.



# The Presiding

## The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood

Two young men, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, stood on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna River near Harmony, Pennsylvania. While their faces reflected the seriousness of their thoughts, it was evident that peace permeated their entire beings. Their every act bespoke humility and faith in God. They had secluded themselves from the world that they might seek the counsel of their Father in heaven.

It was May 15, 1829. Winter was over. Spring was in the air. Nature had painted the leaves of the trees with a delicate green, and the grass underfoot with a darker, but beautiful, contrasting hue. The song of the birds overhead blended with the sounds of the river to produce harmonious overtones that added to the serenity of the occasion. The sun cast its golden rays through the motionless leaves of the semi-dense overgrowth, making a wonderful study in light and shadow. All was calm and peaceful. It was indeed a sacred spot. Gone were the cares and pressures of life, overcome by the handiwork of God. The harmonious beauty that surrounded them contributed to the sacredness of the place and the occasion, but the seriousness of their mission made them semi-oblivious to it. They knelt together in humble prayer.

### ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM

They were concerned about the ordinance of baptism. What was the proper mode? How, to whom, and by whom should the ordinance be performed? In translating the Book of Mormon, they had become more aware of the problem as they contrasted the instructions of that sacred book with the practices of the churches of their day. They knew that God would supply the wisdom they sought.

Apparently from the vastness of space came the clarion voice of him whom God had sent—"I am thy fellow servant." The resurrected John the Baptist stood before them. He who had come out of the wilderness crying repentance unto the people in his day; he who had baptized our Lord and Savior in the River Jordan; he, the literal descendant of Aaron who held the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood by right and by ordination; he of whom



Reproduced from a painting in the Logan (Utah) Temple by J. Leo Fairbanks depicting the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

the Lord said, "No greater prophet born of woman"; he who had been beheaded for his courageous denunciation of sin and for his love of truth, at the instigation of Herod Antipas and his wicked wife, Herodias. He stood before them in majesty. The glory that surrounded the heavenly messenger was far more brilliant than the May sunshine. His presence dispelled all doubts and fears, and they opened their souls to partake of his wisdom.

### AARONIC PRIESTHOOD RESTORED

John laid his hands upon the heads of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood keys which he had held through the centuries. The words of his ordination prayer were indelibly impressed upon the minds of the young men.

Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be

taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness. (D. & C. Sec. 13.)

He told them that the Aaronic Priesthood was an appendage of the Melchizedek priesthood, that it had not the power of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, but that this power would later be given to them. He said he came under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchizedek, which priesthood, in due time would be conferred upon them.

They were then directed by the messenger to go down into the river. Joseph was instructed to baptize Oliver, and in turn, Oliver baptized Joseph. They were then to ordain each other by the laying on of hands. Joseph ordained Oliver first, and Oliver then ordained Joseph to the Aaronic Priesthood.

The glorious spiritual experiences that followed their baptism and ordination to the priesthood were accompanied by the spirit of prophecy. As they left the hallowed spot, their hearts were light. The Aaronic Priesthood was again restored to the earth.





## Award Report for 1954

Applications received during January, February, and March for Individual Aaronic Priesthood Awards earned during 1954 have already established an all-time record for one year. Awards approved and issued were as follows:

Stake Awards .....	13
Ward Awards .....	486
100% Seals .....	2,478
Aaronic Priesthood Pins. ....	5,166
Priests .....	5,537
Teachers .....	5,503
Deacons .....	7,293
Total Individual Awards .....	18,333

## Ward Teaching

### Gaining the Confidence of Those We Teach

THERE are two types of confidence that are essential to successful ward teaching: (1) that confidence which ward teachers have in those whom they teach, and, (2) that confidence which those who are taught have in their ward teachers. How are these vital qualities acquired?

Ward teachers who are kind, solicitous, and understanding are rich in those virtues which inspire confidence in each other. The applying of Christian principles of goodness in our way of life is one of the best ways to gain the respect of each other. To be gentle with our associates and considerate of their feelings is the foundation of friendship. We manifest a genuine interest in the welfare of others by demonstrating willingness to help them. Without understanding we cannot penetrate the inner recesses of the hearts of those whom we teach. To be tolerant of weaknesses and to exhibit a forgiving spirit goes a long way in gaining the esteem of those who are trying to live better by doing better.

Maria Edgeworth told one of the secrets of gaining the confidence of others when she said, "The human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return." Ward teachers should remember that before members open their hearts to them, confidence has to be established.

MAY 1955

## Aaronic Priesthood Program Set May 14-15

May 14 and 15 have been designated by the First Presidency for commemorating the anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Suggestions for Saturday, May 14, and the program to be followed in sacrament meeting, May 15, appeared on these pages in *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* for April 1955 and in the "Church Section" of the *Deseret News*, April 2.

### BISHOPRIC SETS "GREATER APPRECIATION OF BIBLE" AS AARONIC PRIESTHOOD GOAL

Bishop John Edmund Coles of the San Antonio Ward, Houston Stake, together with his counselors Gordon L. Wright and Herbert E. Turley, are currently using the time of the combined Ward Aaronic Priesthood meeting, the second week in each month, to teach all of their Aaronic Priesthood members a greater appreciation of the Holy Bible.

In the top photograph, Clara Mays, librarian in charge of the Rare Books section, San Antonio Library, is exhibiting a copy of the first edition of the King James Bible printed in 1611 A.D. On the left is a page from the Gutenberg Bible printed in 1452 A.D. Senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood and the bishopric are shown viewing these exhibitions.

In the lower photograph, the bishopric and Aaronic Priesthood under 21 are being shown the Manuscript Bible found in a British monastery 1250 A.D. This ancient volume was written entirely by hand in Latin.

The report of this unusual project, and the details given, were submitted by Gordon L. Wright who is the instructor currently assigned to take the lead in this particular meeting each month.



Bishopric of San Antonio Ward, Houston (Texas) Stake, and Aaronic Priesthood members, examine ancient manuscripts, exhibited by Librarian Clara Mays.

# Today's Family-

**M**RS. ADAM S. BENNION is a remarkable woman. She possesses amazing vitality and is one of those rare persons who seems to accomplish a tremendous amount with no unusual show of effort. She is always doing things for people—thoughtful, loving kindnesses, but she does them quietly, unobtrusively. She is a gracious, hospitable hostess, and she and Dr. Bennion have a great number of friends.

Sister Bennion cooks the old-fashioned way, not always using exact measurements. She adds a pinch of this and a dash of that, and she can tell by the feel of her hand in the oven when it is hot enough. As a cook she is perhaps most famous as a candy maker. We are not including her candy recipes, however, because they seem to need her special touch to make them perfect, but here are several of the dishes that she prepares which are simple and delicious:

## Tuna Dish

- 1 small package noodles
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1½ cans tuna (separated)
- 1 can mushrooms, pieces and stems
- ½ cup top milk
- 1½ cups rolled, buttered cornflakes

Add layer of noodles, soup, mushrooms, and tuna until all is used. Add milk and top with buttered cornflakes. Bake in 375° oven for 45 minutes.

## Vegetable Salad

- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- Bay leaf
- ¼ large lemon cut small
- 2 packages gelatin
- 1 cup water
- 1 can shrimps
- 2 diced hard-boiled eggs
- (Celery and cucumbers, if desired)
- Salt and pepper

Boil tomatoes, sugar, vinegar, bay leaf, lemon, and strain. Soak gelatin in

## The Savor of Old-Fashioned Cooking

by Iris Parker



Minerva Young Bennion

water. Add this to tomato mixture. Add shrimps and eggs (and celery and cucumber) and salt and pepper to taste. Pour in molds. Chill and serve with mayonnaise.

## Ice Box Sherbet

- 1 large can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup (or more) cream
- 1 can chilled, condensed milk

Cook pineapple and sugar together for five minutes. Chill. Whip cream and condensed milk. Add to pineapple mixture and put in ice tray. Stir a few times.

## Oatmeal Cookies

- 1¼ cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 3 cups oatmeal
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 cup raisins
- ½ cup sour milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs. Mix well. Add milk and dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake in 375° oven 12 to 15 minutes.

## Raisin Cake

- 1 package seeded raisins
- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup butter
- 2 eggs

- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 2 teaspoons nutmeg
- 1 cup nuts

Simmer raisins in 2 cups of water for 15 minutes. Save 1 cup raisin juice and drain the rest. Combine ingredients as for standard cake recipe, adding raisins and nuts last. Bake in two loaf tins for one hour.

## Chow Chow

- 2 quarts small cucumbers
- 2 quarts larger ones (about 3")
- 2 quarts small onions (peeled)
- 1 small head cauliflower
- (broken in pieces)

- 4 quarts water
- 1 pint salt

Let stand in this brine for 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Drain and rinse.

Mix 1½ pints cider vinegar with ¾ pint water and heat.

- Mix together:
- ½ cup flour

(Concluded on page 358)



Homemade Goodness in 21 minutes!

# Fudge Mounds

**HOMEMADE COOKIES** like these, are no trick with Sperry Drifted Snow Flour. Excellent results are assured because Drifted Snow is "home-perfected" to give you homemade goodness in all your baking. Martha Meade recipes, Queen Bess pattern silverware coupon in sack.



## One bowl—3 minutes to mix!

*Sift into a mixing bowl—*

1½ cups sifted Drifted Snow Flour

¾ teaspoon baking soda

¾ teaspoon salt

*Add—*

1 cup brown sugar (packed)

½ cup soft shortening

1 teaspoon vanilla

¾ cup milk

1 large egg

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted (2 oz.)

Beat by electric mixer on medium speed or vigorously with a spoon for 3 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom often. Let batter stand a few minutes. Drop by large tablespoonfuls on ungreased baking sheets. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 12-15 minutes. Makes 1½ dozen.

When cool spread on

**BROWNED BUTTER FROSTING:** Heat ¼ cup butter until brown. Blend in 2 cups sifted powdered sugar, 2 tsp. cream, ½ tsp. vanilla. **VARIATIONS:** Frost with Chocolate Icing or White Icing tinted pink and green.



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## KNOW YOUR LDS COOKS

(Concluded from page 356)

- 6 tablespoons mustard (dry)
- 1 tablespoon tumeric
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cayenne
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon worchestershire sauce
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup granulated sugar

Make a paste of dry ingredients and add 1 tablespoon olive oil, then add to hot vinegar. Place pickles in and cook 8 to 10 minutes, until crispy tender. At the last minute Mrs. Bennion adds one medium sized bottle of Cross & Blackwell Chow Chow and stirs until well mixed.

Place in jars while still hot.

Minerva Bennion is the daughter of the late Brigadier General Richard W. Young, who fought in the Spanish-American War and led the boys from Utah during the first world war. He was also Governor General of the Philippine Islands for many years. This background of the life of the US Army has added to Mrs. Bennion's charm as hostess. Her mother, now ninety-two years of age, is still living and in good health, although frail. Brother Bennion paid

tribute to his wife's mother, along with his wife and his own mother, in his first address after becoming an Apostle:

... my life has been enriched by three wonderful women: the mother who bore me and nurtured me through privations of those days when with five little ones she made ends meet somehow; the companion of my life who for forty-one years has sustained me with an unflinching devotion; and a mother-in-law who has none of the attributes that we so familiarly attach to the name, Sister Richard W. Young, with her ninety years of benediction.

Brother and Sister Bennion have five children and twenty grandchildren, who keep their lives full and busy. She also belongs to several clubs of a cultural nature. Her hands are never idle, and she has lovely needlework and crocheting to show for it.

She has always been active in the Church, having served in the Sunday School, the MIA, and the Relief Society. She is presently a visiting teacher in the Relief Society.

## BASKET BIRTHDAYS

*by Evelyn Witter*

**B**ASKET BIRTHDAYS in the spring and summer have become an "institution" at our house because they are always so successful. We learned early in raising our family, that the public parks afford much more amusement for the pre-teen group than parlor games . . . that is when the

weather sets the pace, and the children can't resist the call of outdoor fun.

That was the basic reason for birthday parties in the park. But we learned that a basket party was much easier for mother to manage, too, with no worry about boisterousness in the





house, no wondering about constant amusement for the guests, and most of all no elaborate refreshments, involving expense and long preparation.

The refreshments for a party in the park are easily fixed, can be attractive to juvenile appetites, and are as nourishing as they are pretty; for example: For a basket party make a variety of sandwiches, planning four slices of bread for each child.

Delicious sandwich companions can be made by stringing two stuffed olives and a pineapple chunk on a small skewer.

Put potato salad in as many little cardboard cartons (saved from ice cream cups) as there are children at the party.

A cupcake and a banana for each child complete the well-balanced menu. Beverage, cold lemonade or apricot nectar, of course, is carried in a thermos jug.

Paper birthday napkins and the gifts for the honoree add the necessary touch to the basket to give it the birthday party touch. Candles may be placed on the cupcakes, one in each until correct number is reached. Have song and candle blowing before cupcakes are served.

Is there going to be a youngster's birthday at your house this spring or summer? There is! Then, if you would like to take advantage of the weather and let the children have a fun day in the park, and if you would like to serve an easy to prepare but attractive, nutritious, and economical birthday treat, why not plan a basket birthday?

## HANDY HINTS

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

An empty egg carton makes a non-squash storage container for carrying dressed eggs for picnic fare.—H. L., Camp White, Oregon.

When hanging curtains with tiebacks, adjust the window shades evenly all around the room to the point where you want the tiebacks. You will then get them even without measuring.—Mrs. E. G., Grinnell, Iowa.

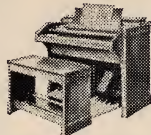
After many "trial and error" attempts to remove chewing gum from almost everything, I found that the white of an egg will do the work very nicely.—A. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

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## COMICS ... In The Tribune

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*The Tie that Binds the Intermountain West*



SHE sat nibbling the end of her pen as she contemplated last month's accounts. Everything seemed to cost so much more than before the war. James' salary was good, but entertaining cost so much more than she had anticipated. She frowned and concentrated on the long list of expenditures. Food had certainly become a major item.

As he entered, his arms laden with bulky papers, James banged the door to the small study where his wife sat.

"Good morning, darling," he said kissing his wife's raised cheek, "I didn't think you would be up so early after last night's affair.

"I'm trying to do the monthly accounts, James. Since we've been in Washington, our expenses have quadrupled."

"Sounds bad," her husband said cheerfully, "but you'll manage. You always do. Incidentally I've asked the ambassador from England to dinner tonight so we can talk comfortably about that trade agreement."

"No," she said horrified, "I've nothing prepared. We can't."

"This is important, dear," Jim trailed from the room; "you'll manage somehow. Besides, I'm told you're the most wonderful hostess in Washington."

The woman looked after her husband's retreating back with exasperated humor. James lived for his work and his country. The details of everyday living were her responsibility. Usually she welcomed her duties. But such short notice! And she did pride

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## The Ambassador Came to Dinner

by Jerry Wooden

herself on her reputation as a hostess and her ability to give perfect dinners. She couldn't serve just anything.

She contemplated last month's food bills again and sighed. She would have the joint of beef tonight and Yorkshire pudding. The ambassador would like that. But she would need something special for dessert—something different that would be remembered and later talked about. A glance at the food bills again told her that dessert must be made from milk and eggs as these were the only things on the market, both plentiful and cheap.

She began to hum a little tune, as she hurried to the kitchen. She liked using her wits and ingenuity to create something different. She would talk with the cook, and together they would prepare eggs and milk in a new way.

Hours later, radiant in a yellow satin gown that had come from Paris, she sat at the foot of the huge cherrywood table. She noted the ambassador ate heartily. Dessert was served by Ephraim, resplendent in a velvet coat with gilt buttons. She watched the ambassador, as he tasted the smooth confection covered with fresh strawberries from the garden. The ambassador ate eagerly, and the woman relaxed.

The ambassador leaned forward and spoke the length of the table.

"This is uncommonly good, Ma'am. May I ask what it is called?"

She saw the pleased expression on her husband's face. His dealings with the ambassador would undoubtedly be successful.

"It's an American dish, Your Excellency," Dolly Madison said quickly, "we call it iced cream."

MAY 1955

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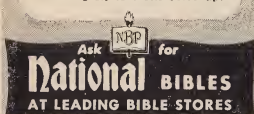
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by Edith F. Shepherd

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**I**N THE familiar and well-loved play, *Our Town*, the stage manager in one of his philosophical comments about the lives of the characters says this:

"I'm awfully interested in how big things . . . begin. You know how it is. You're [young] and you make some decisions; then whiss! you're seventy. You've been a lawyer for fifty years, and that white haired lady at your side has eaten over fifty thousand meals with you. How do such things begin? (Thornton Wilder, *Our Town*.)

If I were in my teens, I would know that big things begin in little daily habits and decisions. I would face squarely the realization that the plan of life calls upon us to make our most significant and far-reaching decisions in a few short years of youth. Knowing that I lacked the wisdom and judgment that come from experience, I hope I would have the wisdom to be proud of high ideals. Even in those years when I felt determined, sometimes rebelliously determined, to be independent and mature, I think I would have the good sense to know that the counsel of my parents, always given in love and based on experience, is worth listening to and following.

Strengthened by idealism and loving counsel I would make three decisions to prepare me for the big things of life.

I would decide to have fun. I would make a real effort to have an active share in the life about me. First, I would fight self-conscious shyness with a deliberate effort to forget myself in an honest interest in activities and people about me. I would cultivate very earnestly a habit of liking people, of being interested in them, and of showing my liking and interest with a friendly manner. Then, I would make a further determined effort to be in the activities of young people. When

volunteers were called for to serve on a committee at school or church, I would offer my services. Once on the committee, I would work at it so faithfully that I would be wanted again. At school, I would find out from classmates and teachers what clubs are open to everyone, and I would join active clubs to have fun or to develop my special interests and talents. If I were like most other young people, not lucky enough to be an elected student body officer, I would look for some other student activities where a willing worker would be welcome; for example, I would go to the sponsors of school publications and ask how one might get on the staff. Maybe I couldn't be editor, but I could do something—typing, securing advertisements, or even running errands. Maybe I couldn't be the artist who created the Junior Prom, but I could cut crepe paper and hold the hammer. While it might not be my gift to be just naturally cute or popular or to be a "big wheel," I would try to be friendly, willing, and dependable so that I would earn a share in the activities of my group. Finally, I would find and develop any talents I might have to use in the activities of the crowd to strengthen my personality, and to add interest and zest to life.

My second decision would be to work and study hard. If I could be in my teens again, I know now that I should study harder than I ever did. I know now that though I may not be a "brain," diligent and honest study would give me the security of having a satisfactory degree of success in classwork; the respect of teachers and other students; and more important still, that as I felt the delight of new knowledge and keener appreciations, study would give to me a growing intellectual curiosity to keep me alert and interested, to widen my horizons, and to enrich my life.

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Yes, I would study hard if I could be a young student again. I know now that I could study better and have fun, too, if I learned to manage time and to use it efficiently. And so, in order to have my fun and my scholastic success, I would learn the hard, hard lesson of the value of time. I would budget the hours for study, for music lessons, for church, for activities. There would be time enough though I might miss a few television shows. I would learn the value of a little time: A fifteen-minute bus ride is long enough for a memory work assignment. While the class is getting settled, there is time enough to review the lesson.


As I advanced in work and study, I would try honestly and fearlessly to learn that difficult lesson, know thyself. In this self knowledge I would try to find the proper balance of my own capabilities, limitations, and ambitions. Then I could wisely direct my work toward the realization of realistically planned goals for my lifetime.

Finally, I would make a third decision—to keep close to my church and my home for help in forming the patterns of right conduct, in choosing my intimate friends, and certainly in building a philosophy of life based on testimony. I think I would have moments of doubt, perhaps even turmoil of mind, as I struggled toward a firm faith. At such times, while I would not ignore the wisdom of scientists and philosophers in their search for truth, I would seek diligently and prayerfully for the meaning of life in the scriptures, in the study of the gospel, in the teachings of the Church. I would seek to learn of my immortal soul through the principles of religion rather than merely through reliance on my own wavering judgment or the scholarship and wisdom of men.

As I made my decisions to have fun, to work and study, to seek the guidance of home and church, I would know that whatever influence kept me from wanting to pray was an evil influence and that through constant prayer I could gain the faith I would need—faith in myself to live and achieve worthily; in the essential goodness of mankind as brothers and as children of God; and above all, since these other faiths are not enough, a sustaining faith in the infinite wisdom and mercy of God.

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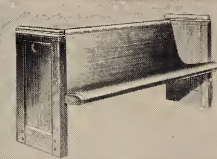


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Spread split hot-dog bun with butter and mustard. Put in a long slice of cheese, then a thick layer of chunk-style White Star Brand Tuna mixed with mayonnaise and seasoned with pepper and onion salt; finish with a

long slice of dill pickle. Put top on roll. Cut in halves, then put together end-to-end, Dutch bow-tie fashion, with pickle in center, as in the picture. Garnish with strips of pimiento.



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## Controlling the Past

(Continued from page 308)

witness. We may not ask A for B's testimony—only B can speak for B, and when Professor Shorey pompously entitles a book by himself *What Plato Said* he is officiously interposing his own person between Plato and the reader, offering himself, like an insinuating dragoman, as interpreter for one of the most marvelously articulate men who ever lived—whether Plato wants him or not.

Only a perfect translation is ever acceptable as evidence in any situation, for if it is anything short of absolutely perfect, how can we be sure at any given moment that the translator has not slipped up? But can there be a perfect translation? How would it deal with double meanings and puns of which the ancients were so fond? Or how should it convey something which the original writer had no intention of telling us? For the student of the past the great value and charm of many a text lies in what it reveals without the author's knowledge, as when the terminology of the philosophers unconsciously reveals their social backgrounds and prejudices. The old writings are like questionnaires which have been filled out by the subjects with sly intent to deceive, unaware as they are that their every word tells the skilled investigator something about themselves which they do not wish told. But a translation should report, according to Wilamowitz, only what the translator thinks the author had in mind, that is, what he *wanted* to convey. This rule is terribly confining, but it can't be broken, for if a translator is allowed to introduce into a writing what the author neither had in mind nor said in so many words, there is no limit to what he might read into a text, setting forth as actual statements of the original what is to be detected only by an interpretation of clues. The translator has no right to go beyond the writer's intent; but the reader of an original is bound by no such obligation—there is no limit to the things that the text might legitimately convey to him. This is no mere rationalization: the experience of any teacher of the classics will confirm the observation, made with wonder and amazement by each succeeding generation, that every reading of an ancient author is a new

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



experience full of the most surprising discoveries.

**Folly Number Three—The Substitute Flavor:** The commonest objection to translations is that they lose much of the "flavor" of the original. Though that is by no means the worst charge against them, it is a serious one, for the "flavor" is not merely weakened or denatured by translation, it is usually destroyed altogether, and in its place is submitted something far different and almost always far inferior. That is because the commonly translated works of antiquity are those of high literary merit, while the men who do the translating are almost always those of low literary gifts. There is a saying in England that translation is the lazy scholar's refuge. The more feeble, unoriginal, and unenterprising the mind, the more easily and naturally it falls into the vice of simply translating the text that it has been taught to construe since childhood. Thus most translations are made by the last men in the world who should be allowed to make them—academic drones who render the text in a stilted and artificial classroom jargon no matter who is speaking in it.

The verses which a translator puts down in and under the name of a great poet can never be greater than his own verses would be. True, he may be working under the powerful and constant stimulation of the glorious page at his elbow; but the example and inspiration of the original, while they may give him the uncontrollable urge to compose matchless poetry, can, alas! never give him the ability to do so. If it could, America would have produced as many immortal bards as it has professors of English.

But if dullness is a common defect of translators, even genius can be a danger. For if it is unfair of a translator to do a worse job than the original poet, it is both unfair and unkind of him to do a better! The only solution is for the translator to be just as great a poet—no more, no less—as the man he is translating. And what are the chances of that ever happening? And if it did, the result would be not two versions of the same poem, but simply two poets writing on the same theme. Homer was to the Greeks and all who followed the poet, the greatest master of poetic language the world has known. Yet though poets have read and trans-

lated him in every age, to this day the only readable Homer in English is not poetry at all but prose—literally Homer with Homer left out!

**Folly Number Four—the Illusion of the Literal Translation:** "He who translates a verse quite literally is a liar," is the rabbinical rule.<sup>100</sup> If two words in two different languages had exactly the same meaning in all contexts, then it would be possible to translate the one by the other in any operation. But it is almost impossible to find two words in any two languages that have this perfect one-to-one relationship! Nothing could be more obvious than that the Latin "in," for example, is the same as our word "in"; yet at least half the time it is impossible to translate the one "in" by the other. For a literal translation every word in one language would require a word that matched it perfectly in the other. But the meanings of words in different languages do not coincide snugly; they only overlap loosely in limited areas; for example, "to follow" may mean to accompany, to pursue, to understand another, to succeed, to come after, to chase, to obey another, etc. All these ideas overlap with the idea of following. So when a recently found ancient Christian manuscript says that miracles come after faith, and are not meant for the unbelieving, it is an easy thing for the modern translator to take the sting out of the passage by rendering "come after" (*tabat*) as "accompany," because in some cases it can mean that.<sup>101</sup> If he is taken to task for the obvious perversion of the meaning, the translator need only point with wide-eyed innocence to the dictionary, where, sure enough, "follow" does mean "accompany." Because words only overlap in meaning, the most "literal" translation can be completely misleading.

(To be continued)

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<sup>101</sup>Jnl. Bibl. Lit. 70 (1951), pp. 3-5.

<sup>102</sup>J. Bligh, in *Church Quarterly Review* CLIII (1952), 310.

<sup>103</sup>Peter Lombard, *Sententiae* I, V, 8 in *Patrol. Lat.* CXCLII, 537.

<sup>104</sup>F. Schindler, in Koeniger, *Beitr. zur Gesch. des christl. Altertums*, p. 432.

<sup>105</sup>A. Lunn and J. B. S. Haldane, *Science and the Supernatural* (N. Y.: Sheed & Ward, 1935), p. 51.

<sup>106</sup>H. Denzinger, *Enchiridion Symbolorum*, Nos. 1429-32, 1530-2, 1602-8, 67, etc.

(Continued on following page)

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## CONTROLLING THE PAST

(Continued from preceding page)

<sup>97</sup>Quoted by G. C. Coulton in *Hibbert Journal* XXIX (Jan. 1921), p. 336.

<sup>98</sup>M. Leclercq, in the *Dict. d'Arch. Chret. et de Liturg.*, VI, 2689.

<sup>99</sup>M. De Wulf, *History of Medieval Philosophy* (1926), II, 7, n. 4.

<sup>100</sup>I. Goldzieher, *Vorlesungen über den Islam* (Heidelberg, 1925), p. 43.

<sup>101</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 44.

<sup>102</sup>A. Bayet, *Les Provinciales de Pascal* (Maffere, 1931), p. 90.

<sup>103</sup>Lunn & Haldane, *op. cit.*, p. 94.

<sup>104</sup>This belief is held by V. G. Child, *New Light on the Most Ancient East* (N. Y.: Praeger, 1953), though where business economy fails to produce writing or even use it when it is known, he overlooks the anomaly.

<sup>105</sup>There is no evidence that the local kings felt the need of clerks to look after their revenues." (p. 217.)

<sup>106</sup>See our series, "The Stick of Judah and

the Stick of Joseph," in *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, Vol. 56 (January through May 1953.)

<sup>107</sup>The independence of ancient farmers on written calendars is well illustrated in the Talmud where, for example, the performance of ritual acts or the length of ritual periods is determined by the time when certain leaves fall, when certain plants turn dry, when winter grapes are ripe, etc.; houses are rented "until the second rain falls," *Sebit* ix. Indeed Child admits that the first set calendar, that of the Egyptians, "was patently useless for just the purpose for which it had been devised," (*op. cit.*, p. 3.)—another way of saying that it must have been devised for some other purpose.

<sup>108</sup>A. Gardiner, *Egyptian Grammar*, p. 1.

<sup>109</sup>Stenning, *Targum of Isaiah*, p. ix.

<sup>110</sup>J. & A. Perier, *Les '127 Canons des Apotres' (Texte Arabe)*, Can. xlviii, in *Patrol. Oriental*, VIII, 623.

## THESE TIMES

(Continued from page 290)

allocated for construction and maintenance of "state" and local roads, as distinguished from the new "national" designated highways. This would permit the construction of the many urban thruways and parkways, the purely state, county, farm-to-market, other urban and rural projects now needed and to be anticipated in the future; also connections to the national trunk system and its bypasses.

The continuation of the present volume of federal aid, readjusted to non-national highway needs within the states themselves, is an extremely important consideration. It will help alleviate the urban, metropolitan traffic problem. It will provide the fiscal basis for important safety, as well as for communication factors in state and local highway construction. It will tend to readjust the role of the states in the federal system by removing some of the frustrations now associated with the federal-state highway system. In that, it will help close the existing gap.

### PROPOSITION #3

The traffic toll is a compound of human failures, inadequate highways, and excessive speeds. A combination of approaches is necessary to reduce this toll.

With the establishment of the "national" highway system, it will be necessary to reconcile the new, swift streams of traffic with the demands for safety.

A National Traffic Safety Patrol, recruited and trained comparable to FBI standards, could be created in the Public Roads Administration. Their responsibility would be to develop safety standards for the licensing of vehicles

and operators using the national highway system and traffic moving in interstate commerce thereon, and to cooperate with the state authorities.

Traffic offenses in interstate commerce on the national highways, so designated, would be enforceable by prosecution in existing local and state courts.

### PROPOSITION #4

More adequate provision for research should be established in order to evaluate properly the data available under this plan. An important phase of this research would be to harmonize highway construction, fiscal requirements, safety, and safety regulation without restricting the creative spirit, the resourcefulness, enterprise, and inventiveness that is embodied and represented in the American automobile industry. Here, as in every phase of American life, public interest must be reconciled with the recognition of the creative spirit of the free individual and freedom of enterprise. Research, and collaboration in research, between industry and the governmental authorities concerned, is the surest and soundest way to effect this reconciliation. The American family and schools must assume their full share of the responsibility for applying the knowledge obtained to the problems of human behavior on the highways.

### SUMMARY

We have the engineering talent and know-how to build the best, safest highways in the world, provided we find the financial resources. It might be asked whether the states can longer be relied upon to supply this peculiar national

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



need. The population boom has only begun! For the national government to assume the responsibility for one phase of our roads—the purely “national” interstate system—could be a better form of federal-aid to education than grants-in-aid and would insure state and local control of that important obligation.

Perhaps we can properly turn our resources to an important dollar “gap” at home—and help produce the safe and adequate highways American life requires. The foregoing statements, may it be again repeated, are not advocated as a desirable program. They are presented merely as a device for stimulating interest in and concern for a major domestic problem of the United States. The role of the national government has been, to speak candidly, purposely over-emphasized in this “day-dreaming.” What are the alternatives? This is one of the challenges of these times.

## MASTER M MAN BREAKFAST

June 11, 1955

**T**HE Master M Man breakfast, a glorious annual affair held for and in honor of all men who have achieved the Master M Man award, will be held again in 1955 as part of the June Conference program.

Scheduled for the Roof Garden of the Hotel Utah on Saturday morning, June 11, 1955, at 6:45 a.m., it will cost \$2.25.

All Master M Men are urged to attend, and reservations must be made in advance. Please write to Master M Man Breakfast Committee, YMMIA General Office, 50 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, by June 1, 1955.

If you wish, you may send the money in with your reservation; if you wish to pay at the breakfast, you may indicate that. In addition send the year you received your Master M Man award.

### MY WEALTH

By H. H. Ramsay

**M**Y WEALTH is not in silver and gold  
But in a purer and finer expression of soul.

Day by day I horde the precious gems,  
Filling life's great coffers o'er their brims.

With the passing of the fleeting hours,  
My wealth brings to me unbounded powers,  
For I'm sure to invest its increasing toll  
With the better elements of a living soul.

My wealth I would not selfishly hide away  
But give it back freely in work or play;  
It's the saving of the spirit of humankind  
Beckoning men the better things of life to find.

My priceless wealth none can defile,  
For it is the sacred smile of a child,  
Given so freely and with ardor so fine,  
For one that a moment before was mine.

MAY 1955



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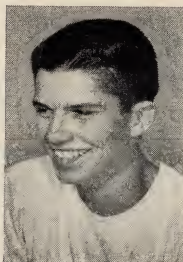


Rae Anderson

**M**IA MAID Rae Anderson of the Benjamin Ward, Nebo (Utah) Stake, has an enviable Church record—one hundred percent attendance for the last four years at sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Mutual. Reported by Virginia De Hart, Nebo Stake YW MIA Pres.

## LDS YOUTH ACHIEVES

**J**OHN V. RIGGS, a member of the Phoenix (Arizona) Fifth Ward, is the secretary of his priests' quorum, and president of the freshmen class at Phoenix College, being a letterman in baseball there, as well as being a member of the M Men basketball team in the Phoenix Fifth Ward. He was active in seminary during his high school days, and is taking an active part in the Institute of Religion now. He has a near "A" average in his college work.



John V. Riggs

Sasebo, Japan

Dear Brethren,

**W**E SHOULD like to take this opportunity to thank you for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, which comes to our home each month from the elders' quorum of the Cedar City First Ward. We as a family look forward to receiving it each month. It is a means of being at home while faraway. Many wonderful hours are spent in reading it and we have gained much from its stories and spiritual guidance. The Sasebo Group out here often mention articles from

## SERVICEMEN AT FORD ORD, CALIFORNIA

**O**NE of the groups of LDS servicemen at Fort Ord, California. Pictured are (kneeling, left to right): Morris K. Christiansen, Elsinore, Utah; William G. McFarland, Logan, Utah; Larry E. Hancock, Pocatello, Idaho. Standing: Gerald N. Randall, North Ogden, Utah; T. Bates Westerberg, St. Anthony, Idaho; Elmo G. Matthews, Evanston, Wyoming; and Bert L. Brown, Logan, Utah. With Jim Sill, who is absent from the picture, they work in the Finance and Accounting Office. Six of the group have attended Brigham Young University, the other two have attended Utah State Agricultural College. Five of the eight are returned missionaries.

the ERA and the magazine is exchanged among the fellows out here. We are very appreciative of the guidance and instruction we gain from its pages. It is an inspiration and blessing out home.

Again we say thank you and may the Lord bless you always in this glorious work.

Sincerely,

/s/ Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Barton and  
Daughter Sherry.

Ogden, Utah

Dear Editors:

**I**FELT I should write you a word of thanks for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. It helps in so many ways. At the present time I especially want to thank you for the series of articles entitled "If I Were in My Teens." My Sunday School girls (age 13) are very much interested in the "right things to do," and in the spare time after the lesson, I have read these articles to them. They are most appreciative. Give us as much of this type of information as possible.

Sincerely,

/s/ Cozette Hirschi

Three Forks, Montana

Dear Editors:

**T**HE MARCH issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA received. Thanks for the extra copy.

The skillful arrangement of the material comprising Part I of the story of Martin Harris as published reflects the discerning judgment of the editorial staff. The incorporation of that information concerning the Three Witnesses, not contained in the original manuscript, is highly instructive and appropriate and makes a better introduction.

I am indeed well pleased and anticipate with great interest the publication of the remainder of the story.

Very respectfully,

/s/ William H. Homer, Jr.

Bar Harbor, Maine

Dear Editors:

**I**FIND THE IMPROVEMENT ERA magazine a very wonderful magazine to have in our home, it has so many wonderful teachings to help us to live the gospel. And, it keeps us informed in how our Church is growing and the temples and chapels that are being built, and I think the "Spoken Word" by Richard L. Evans is wonderful, too, and the Melchizedek Priesthood and the Presiding Bishopric's page. It is a wonderful guide to help us to live the gospel.

May the spirit of the Lord bless and guide you in your work for the Lord. Amen.

Sincerely,

/s/ Mrs. Clarence B. Stanley



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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Marion H. Hill heads the Sacramento Valley Agency, with 12 Beneficial Life agents located in Sacramento, Carmichael, Fair Oaks, Vallejo, Fairfield, Westwood, Uba City, and Oroville.

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